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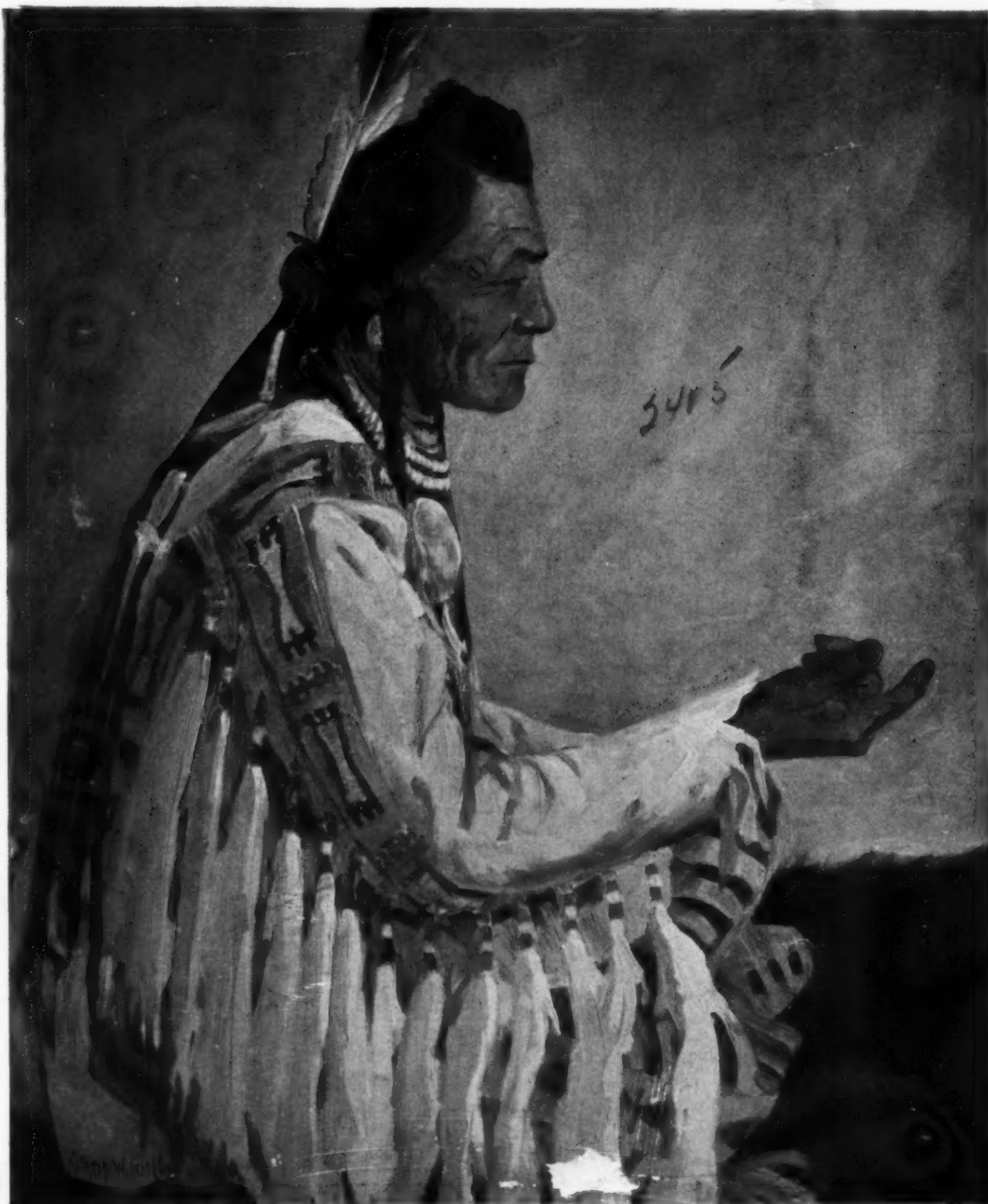
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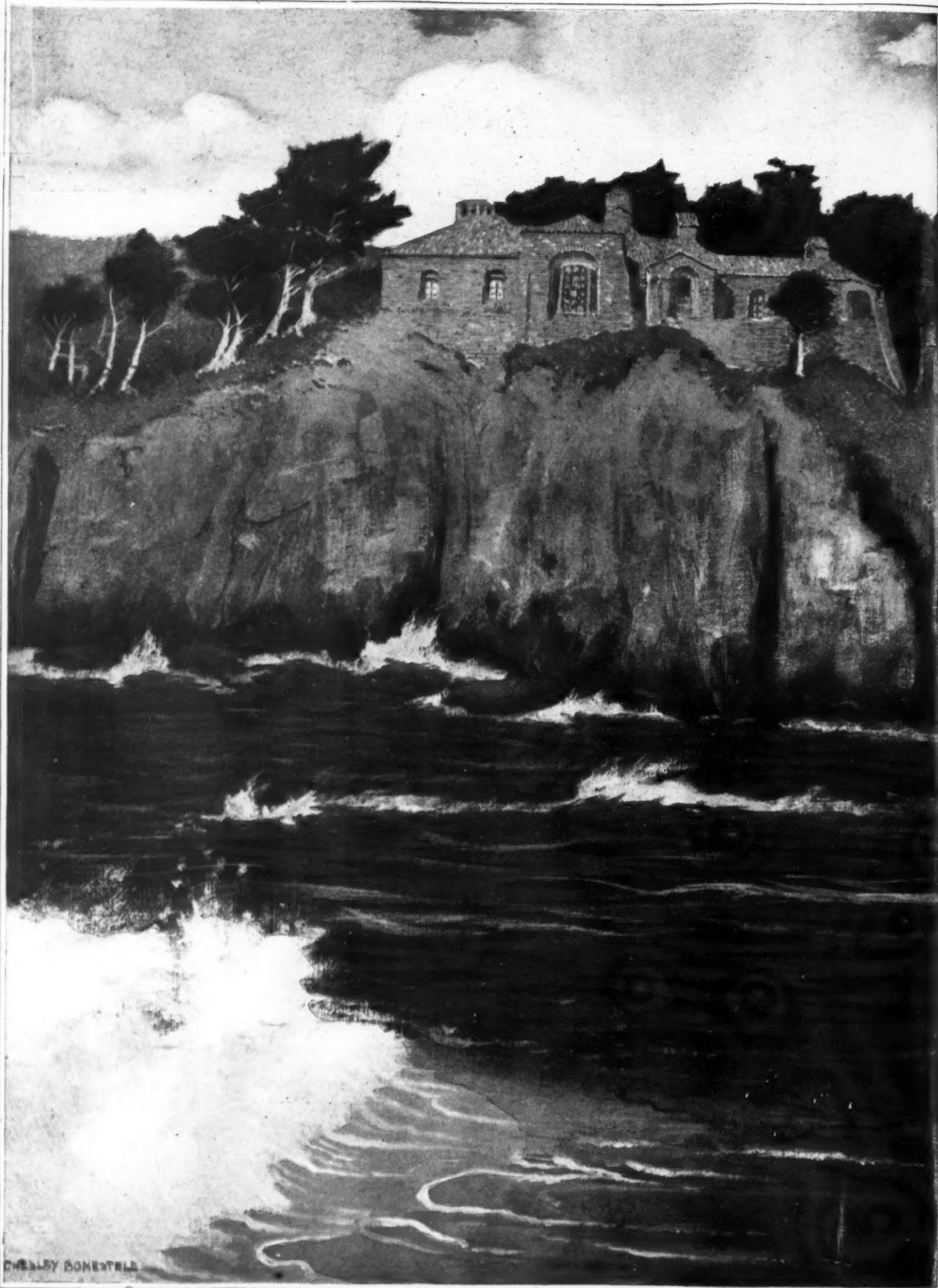
Through Pacific Sky Lanes to Hawaii



Through courtesy of the artist, Kathryn W. Leighton

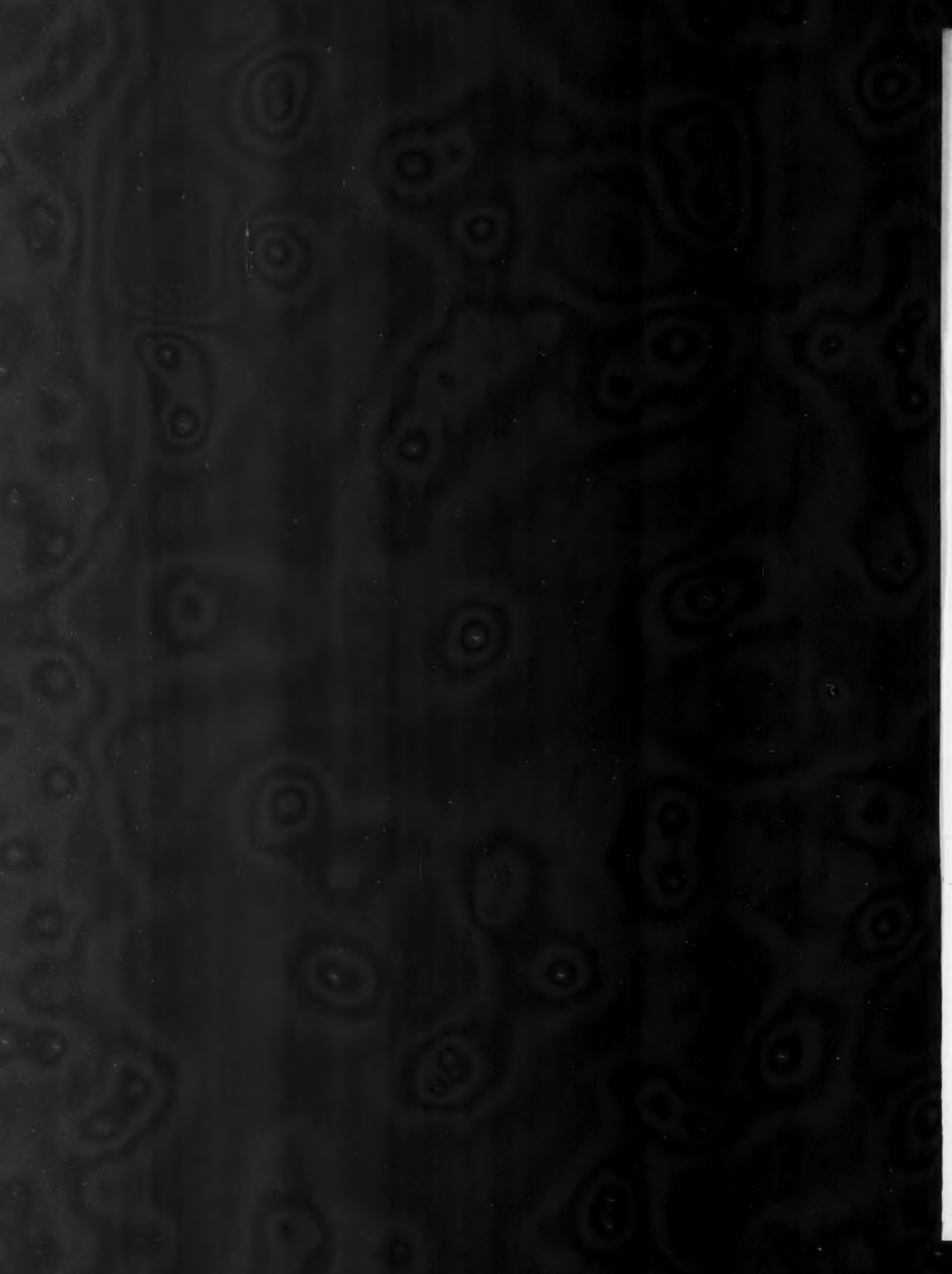
Confessions of an Optimist
Telephotography Becomes a Business Necessity

President Coolidge as Chief "Leading Eagle"
Fritz Leiber's Triumph in Shakespearian Roles



CHELSEY BONEBELL

Charles Sumner Green, architect



Bind covers
Indexed

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Mostly About People

An Illustrated American Monthly



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September, 1927, to August, 1928

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



IN the glow of Indian summer time that comes to Washington in September following the last flash of torrid heat, the dominant thought is getting settled for the winter. Labor Day concludes the universal summer holidays, but the vacation time of those in Government employ is usually spread out through the calendar months in order to keep the wheels of Government going. There are already signs of a brilliant social season in diplomatic circles and the White House refurnished and roofed will witness some important social gatherings of official Washington. Now that President Coolidge has announced that he does not choose to run for President in 1928 the executive branch of the Government will be able to settle down to a policy that is beyond question of any candidatorial suspicions. There is doubtless a definite program ahead dealing with taxation, the farm problem, the Naval appropriation involving the building of new cruisers, aviation appropriations, that will make the members of Congress sit up and take notice, because the President is going to keep very close to that microphone and keep the people posted on the progress of public affairs as related to the executive branch of government.

* * *

THERE was unusual activity at the Labor Department during harvest days. The plan of providing the extra labor required for gathering in the grain crops of the West was carried out systematically and efficiently. Weeks in advance the Department was advised from the West of the number of men needed to

harvest the crops expeditiously. The advent of the combine, a machine that cuts and threshes the grain as it moves along, eliminated a large amount of the help required by the use of the old-style harvesting and heading machines. Since Secretary James J. Davis has had charge of the Department he has done much towards keeping labor employed through informing both employers and the public where workmen are needed. This has practically eliminated the old-time hobo or tramp. The spectacle of harvest hands moving about the country in Pullman cars to perform their service in a highly professionalized way is a scene that would have rejoiced the heart of the late Samuel Gompers. It is an incessant campaign to provide the American workman with work at the highest possible wage. The information was even radioed from Washington and a moving map of the harvest from the border of Mexico to the Canadian boundary indicates that the problem of distributing and allocating effectively the labor of the country will save a tremendous amount of money for the American workmen proving ever worthy of his hire.

* * *

A REVIVAL of Shakespeare is indicated in Washington. Many people are dusting off the volumes of the plays written by the Bard of Avon, preparatory to witnessing performances that have gone merrily on

since Queen Elizabeth's time. Memories of Julia Arthur and her triumphs as Hamlet are recalled in the announced appearance of the young American Shakespearean actor, Fritz Leiber, who has been playing Shakespeare almost continuously since he began his stage career. He has appeared with Julia Marlowe



Julia Arthur who revived "Hamlet" after fifteen years' absence from the stage in a fascinating Keith's circuit feature

and Robert Mantell and has made a life study of Shakespearean roles. He considers the opening lines of Hamlet as the greatest work of Shakespeare, because it deals with emotions that are universal. It is recalled that many eminent statesmen and public men of America have been passionately fond of Shakespeare. This was true in the days of George Washington, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. Former Solicitor-General James M. Beck, himself a great Shakespearean



The late Judge Elbert H. Gary

scholar, has insisted that no one can be thoroughly familiar with the philosophy of government and the affairs of any nation, past or present, without some knowledge of Shakespeare, bringing a contact with a master mind who understood people as no other author appearing in the annals of literature, art or science.

* * *

WHILE he never held an official position in Washington the late Judge Elbert H. Gary was a conspicuous figure in National affairs for over a quarter of a century. He was at the forefront in many a titanic battle involving millions and the very life of the United States Steel Corporation. His life spans the most important epoch in American industrial development, and an impressive suggestion of this was presented at the funeral services in Wheaton, Ill., where he was born. Not far from the unpretentious frame house which was his home in early life is a handsome mausoleum of marble with classic pillars, his last resting-place. It tells the story of the boy wielding a hoe in the potato patch betimes picking the bugs. He was not then dreaming of a steel hoe, but was thinking out why there were so many potato bugs and so many weeds. The philosophy of the potato patch persisted. Bugs and weeds don't encourage growing crops.

Young Gary was virtually reared in the atmosphere of judicial determination. His father, Erastus Gary, served many years as Justice of the Peace. Many important cases were tried in his sitting room.

At the age of eighteen young Gary went to Naperville, then the county seat of Dupage County, spending all his spare time in the court room. One day his mother's brother, Attorney Vallette, a descendant of one of the French Generals who came over with Lafayette during the Revolution, observed his nephew sitting in the court room and asked:

"How would you like to read law, Elbert?"

That was enough. Young Gary began reading long into the night, after writing out legal documents in long hand all day. Graduating from the law school of the University of Chicago, he was chosen by the county clerk for a prize position, although the youngest in his class. Soon after joining a law firm in Chicago, along came the Chicago fire of 1871, which wiped out the aspiring hopes of many young lawyers. On the following day a new sign, "Elbert H. Gary, Attorney and Counsellor at Law," appeared. Later the firm of "E. H. & N. E. Gary" was formed, with an elder brother who had been badly wounded in the Civil War. This law office, established at "56 Madison Street," has become famous. Associated with the Federal Steel Company as a lawyer furnished his first contact with large industrial operations. Every process of manufacture and marketing he studied as intensely as he would an important point of law.

Those who had billions at stake in the gigantic United States Steel Corporation decided upon Judge Gary as the executive head in 1901. The record of the United States Steel Corporation since that time has been the pace-maker in the marvels of industrial achievement.

In personal appearance Judge Gary was a medium-sized man, with a persuasive and convincing way of talking. His addresses upon various occasions were a compendium of comment upon dominant thought of the times—for the genius of the age—is business.

At his home, "Ivy Hall," at Jericho, Long Island, he continued in close touch with the activities of his position as Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Co. and celebrated his birthday in the shadow of four score years by waving his hand over a glass jar like a magician of old and started in motion the wheels of a gigantic new plant of the Steel Corporation. To the very last he preserved a calm judicial attitude towards every problem presented to him. A pioneer among executives of corporations who recognized the interest of labor as an all important factor in industry, all the assaults to break the long-standing amicable understanding with his employees have failed.

How vividly I recall those last interviews in which he seemed to sum up a most sweeping and wholesome philosophy of life. His interest in the welfare of mankind, and especially in the generations to follow, was always the dominant thought in these chats. There was a radiance of kindness in his face when he remarked in parting:

"Young people of today may witness the recurring days of Pericles. Wealth and power are relative terms and only endure upon a foundation built upon human rights fairly used and not abused, giving an opportunity to every man to make the most of life."

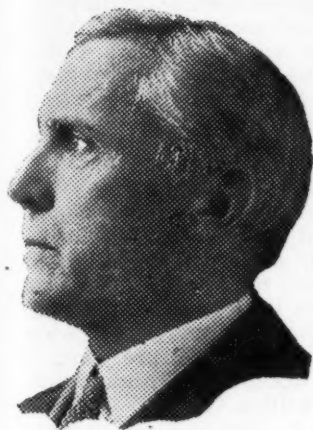
At the head of a long table he worked to the last with the same zest and enthusiasm as in preparing his cases as a young lawyer. Near at hand were two signs with the significant words: First, "It can be done." Second, "Nothing is impossible." On his desk was a button he touched and the signs were illuminated and stared the visitor squarely in the face like the inspiration of a guiding star. In the room was a large globe, for Elbert Gary had a mind as universal as the world.

* * *

WITH Senator Borah snow-balling in the mountains of Idaho and the bombarding Representative Blanton of Texas fighting man-size tropical mosquitos in Texas, Washington, the Congress of the United

States was a still small voice during dog days. With the return of the President and "September morn," the picture in the Capital will soon shift to autumnal colors that ever precede the opening of Congress in the first Monday in drear December, when the neuritis blooms again. The effect to create a mystic Political Oracle at Washington that tells of the shadows cast before a coming event has joined a rank of myths. Favorite sons are no longer a trump card in these days when nothing of the past is revered unless it be a past due account that automatically pays itself under the benign Statute of Limitations. The shades of forefathers are becoming opaque under the system of

the votes of Maryland, my Maryland, to the last as a favorite son. From out of the West come the echoes of an enthusiastic boom for Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, as the Mid-West candidate, with a favoring glance now and then towards Governor Donahy, the third-term governor of Ohio. The spectre of William G. McAdoo as a candidate drawing upon his extensive and enthusiastic supporters in 1928 troubles some of the Democratic political prognosticators, who are, however, hopeful that by some legerdemain the dauntless former Secretary of the Treasury and present citizen of California may be diplomatically eliminated, so that the white dove of peace may once more hover



United States Senator
James A. Reed of Missouri



Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie
of Maryland



William Gibbs McAdoo



Albert E. Smith, Governor
of New York

oblique education represented in the sob-sister pink-pajamaed professors who are doing everything else but educate the young to help themselves. The superiority complex craving limelight is being disclosed as a pretensive, soft-tinged, hypocritical modesty, which is after all a blatant egotism turned wrong side out!

over the deliberations of a Democratic National Convention where two-thirds of the delegates must have but a single thought as far as a candidate is concerned. Then the wedding march!

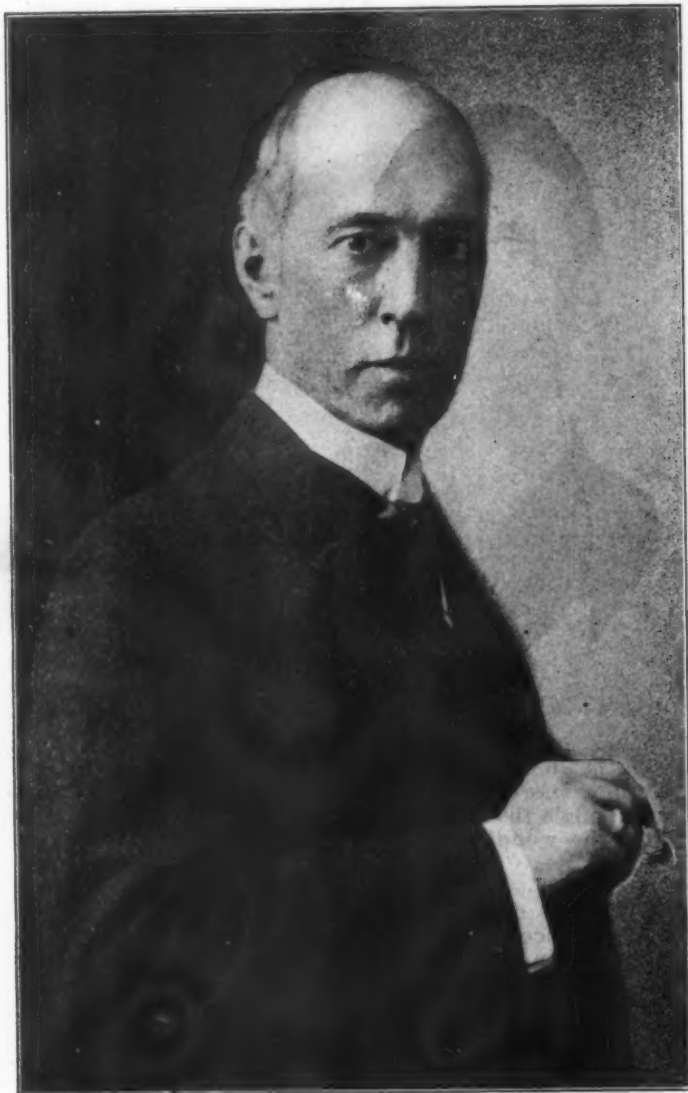
ALREADY the vanguard has arrived in Washington of the groups of all sorts who come early to lay plans to bombard Congress with every conceivable proposition to enact laws that will correct some condition, in which in many instances they are earnestly, almost insanely, interested. They lash themselves into a fury and feel that all that is necessary is to press on a button of propaganda and start a back-fire avalanche of letters and petitions from constituents and—presto! a full-grown law appears to solve the question. Some of the petitions that have poured into Washington are a travesty on intelligence of those who can write their names. And yet a petition is presumed to represent the very beginning of our legislative process.

AN event of international, as well as national importance, that absorbed the interest of Washington folks in September was the presentation of the Pageant, presenting the romance of the Iron Horse. The project seemed to possess a strong appeal among the people. After all, the railroad locomotive is the first great symbol of power witnessing the revolution of the first change in modes of transportation that have occurred from the time of Christ on to the nineteenth century, when steam supplanted the motive power that had been in use for eighteen hundred years.

The arrival of the iron horse on the scene of action was a motif in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Baltimore and Ohio, one of the first railroads built in the United States. An article on another page tells the story of the ambition of the citizens of Baltimore to save their commercial prestige by extending a railroad on to the Ohio and Mississippi River and open up, by river and rail transportation, the great Mid-West. Daniel W. Willard, the present Chief Executive of the B. & O. has made a marvellous record in the development of the System, since he assumed control of the throttle. He began his railroad career in good old Vermont, the home-birth state of President Coolidge, as a locomotive engineer. This accounts for the distinction of the B. & O. in having engineers who do not bump trains and have an effective safety valve to check speeding and the best of brake devices. The old curves have been straightened

SILHOUETTED on the political horizon are the figures of four men that will play a part in the National Democratic Convention in 1928. There is not much likelihood of the assembly being held in New York, as the memories of the Madison Square gathering are recalled. The leading candidate, however, appears to be Governor Alfred Smith of New York, whose real presidential campaign was launched on stormy seas at the 1924 convention. Senator Bruce of Maryland has come out for Smith, despite the fact that Governor Ritchie of that State is a candidate. He held

and the tunnels opened and the traffic has increased at a tremendous pace. The war work of Daniel Willard stands out as conspicuous service that justified the purpose of Lincoln in making the new state of West Virginia out of old Virginia to keep the old B. & O. Railroad entirely within the Union lines, available for the transportation of troops from the west to the Army of the Potomac for the last titanic struggle that concluded at Appomattox. Mr. Willard, as a locomotive



Samuel M. Shortridge, United States Senator from California

engineer-railroad president, has always appealed to me as one who truly typifies the real romance of "rail-roading" an occupation that has appealed to many young Americans.

My earliest ambition was to be a locomotive engineer. The engineer of the way freight that stopped occasionally to switch at my native village was my ideal of one who had succeeded in life. Even a greater man was the engineer of the "Cannon Ball" that whizzed by and never stopped—he had reached the heights. In a collision at Mound Hill, the freight engineer was killed.

This was the first tragic remembrance of a real hero. Billy Hardy died with his hand on the throttle and saved the passengers on the "Cannon Ball." This was the only time that the "Cannon Ball" stopped at that village. Now whenever I hear the word "engineer" I naturally think of men representing power.

ONE does not have to make much of a tour in California to realize that Samuel Morgan Shortridge is a popular United States Senator. He maintains an office in Los Angeles, although he lives in Menlo Park, near San Francisco, and spends his vacations in Northern California, so that there is not a nook or corner of the Golden State where the big, good-natured and eloquent Senator is not known. He is the shining star at the Iowa State picnic in Los Angeles, which is attended by over 20,000 people of the Hawk-eye state. Born in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, he belongs to that immortal band of preachers' sons so eloquently glorified by Bruce Barton, himself a preacher's son, in his tribute to Merlin Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Association. His first fame in California was won as an orator, and when he gestures with his glasses there is almost a Shakespearean dignity revealed. He is a "joiner" in the broadest sense of the word, for his name seems to be found on the roster of nearly every civic and social organization registered in California. His work in the Senate has enhanced his reputation as a public servant who is ever ready to serve, keeping a keen and practical eye on the objective, and always maintaining a poise and good humor, no matter which way the political winds may be blowing.

FOR many years past and especially during the War when the authorities wanted information concerning the shipping of the World, they called on James A. Farrell. He was repeatedly offered the position of Chairman of the Shipping Board by President Warren G. Harding, but he felt that his duties associated with the great company which he had so long served were of paramount importance to national welfare, even if they involved the sacrifice of accepting a high public position which would have gratified the personal ambition of any American.

On board a steamer returning to America in 1911, James A. Farrell secured some newspapers received aboard at quarantine. He settled down to read about the home folks and fellow passengers came to him with congratulations. He had been elected president of the United States Steel Corporation and had not had time to read the news. In charge of the import business of the United States Steel Corporation, he had spent much time abroad building up steel business. This voyage he counted as a vacation, but his friends at home were not surprised when James A. Farrell was named president of the largest corporation in the world—the logical man for the job in which he has more than made good.

James Augustine Farrell has lived his life in the atmosphere of steel making and selling steel almost since boyhood in his native town of New Haven, Conn. In the brief years at school he made good and sailed on foreign voyages with his father, who was a captain and ship owner. The father was lost at sea with his ship and young James Farrell went to work in a steel wire mill at the age of sixteen.

Beginning as a laborer in the Pittsburgh wire mill, he was rapidly advanced to superintendent and was not old enough to vote when he was manager of the Oliver Iron and Steel Company. Starting out on his own initiative, he organized a wire company at Braddock, Pa., which attracted the attention of the late James W. Gates. It became a part of the American Steel and Wire Company. Young Farrell was placed in charge of the export trade because he was considered a premier salesman of steel products. After he became president of the United States Steel Corporation he organized the Export Congress in the U. S. A., which has become a powerful factor in the development of foreign trade and merchant marine.

The ports of the world, channels of the high seas and every kind and sort of a vessel that floats constitutes a basic knowledge with J. A. Farrell as revealed

in the hearings at Washington. He still remains the same "Jim" as when he worked in the mills and astounded the committee with his answers to the thousands of questions adequately and completely without reference to a single note. His mind enables him to absorb facts about one matter and carry on a conversation at the same time.

A big, warm hearted human of broad sympathies, he has not forgotten the days when as a boy he longed for his father, who never returned with his ship and found his tomb in the fathomless deep. As a boy he had his struggles and today is never too busy or absorbed in his own affairs to think of others.

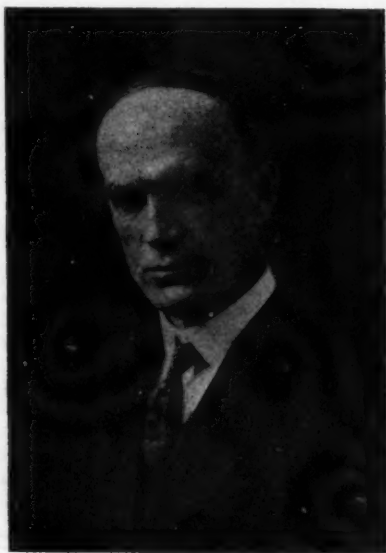
He always chats in an incisive way:

"Cultivating memory becomes easy and more natural if you establish the habit of making the effort, keeping

EVER since leaving his career as President of Antioch College located at Yellow Springs, Ohio, to enter the Senate, Simeon D. Fess has proven a live-wire leader in National affairs—especially in that which pertains to the Republican Party. He has the reputation of being something of a prophet. His long years of experience as a teacher have enabled him to make political speeches that are always lucid and interesting. He was born on a farm in Allen County and as his friends say, "when it comes to Ohio and its political conditions, he knows his onions." He served in Congress and was Chairman of the Committee on Education and a member of the Rules Committee in the House. As a Senator, he has progressed towards a leadership that is effective in National senatorial proceedings. While he was an ardent supporter of Presi-



James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation



Simon D. Fess, United States Senator from Ohio, who is now known as the "busy bee," also of impending presidential campaigns



Mayor Walker of New York, who visited the birthplace of his parents in Ireland

in mind what is essential and what is non-essential. Some people inspire and help you and give you information—others do not. Clogging the brain with impediments and consuming time with associations that are not helpful in some way is wasted time."

Associates insist that James Farrell has a mind that works as accurately as an adding machine. Figures seem to stay right with him to the decimal point. A rather tall man with gray mustache and eyes looking at you somewhat shy, but drinking in every word or fact in a conversation or at a directors' meeting, he is known as a "director who directs."

The passing of Judge Gary has called attention to the efficient and able assistance given the Chairman of the Board by the man whom he selected as President of the Steel Corporation, who proved to be an able lieutenant and assistant to the carrying-out of the gigantic plans and humane policies identified with the illustrious career of Elbert H. Gary.

At 71 Broadway in New York, on the eighteenth floor, James A. Farrell still continues a business day in the same systematic manner as when he was building up his wire mill at Braddock. Since that time he has sold steel products from nails, beams and bridges from China to Iceland and steel for skyscrapers in almost every civilized city in the world. The gigantic operations of the United States Steel Corporation moves on without a break because the master mind of Judge Gary had chosen well his assistants to carry on.

dent Coolidge for another term, it is now believed that he has turned his attention towards the age-old custom of Ohio in looking about to provide a nominee from the State that has already furnished seven presidents. The illustrious roll-call born in the Buck-eye state reveals the names of Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Taft and Harding, the magic number of seven which doubtless makes Senator Fess feel that the panel has not been exhausted.

* * *

WHEN Mayor James Walker appeared in Ireland at the birthplace of his father, he was accorded a reception that touched his heart. He forgot for the moment that he was Mayor of the greatest city of the world as he looked upon the scenes where his father and mother had played as boy and girl, and where his forebears had struggled in the dark days of the Famine when his father emigrated to America. Little did his father, a son of the old sod, landing at Castle Garden, realize that his son would soon be the executive head of a city of seven million people. Mayor Walker will attend the Legion Convention and do his part towards softening the surging waves of alien anarchy that is assiduously fanning the embers of hatred for America, the hand that has fed them in their starvation and checked the horrors of a world war that had threatened to engulf Europe in endless bloodshed and poverty. When he arrived in Berlin he met the hisses with a genial "hello!"

THREE women authors are read with much interest in Washington. The fact that the Summer White House was removed to the Black Hills and the plains of the West has revived interest in the work of Edna Mary Colman of Washington. She was born at Fort Larned, Kans. and her work naturally has the breezy atmosphere of the West. She is a member of the League of American Pen Women and was its National President in 1924. For many years she has been a contributor to magazines and newspapers and a popular syndicate writer. Her "Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip," published in 1925 has proven very popular. She is active in the National Carillon Association and in all patriotic campaigns, to say nothing

microphone. A large number of boys and girls have already written the President, asking him to give an account of his travels this summer, just as the folks at home always ask the leading citizen to show them the pictures, moving and otherwise, taken on the tour "abroad." A tour to Europe this year has been something of a general occupation. It is estimated that over a billion and a half dollars were spent by Americans in Europe this year. Several organizations have held their meetings and conventions abroad, with the idea that their presence there was promoting peace and good will and understanding between Nations, but it seems to have had the opposite effect, for the ill-will against America has steadily increased since the



Amelia Josephine Burr, author of "Little Houses" and "The Roadside Fire"



Mrs. Grace T. Warren of Honolulu



Edna Mary Colman, author of "Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip"

of her activities in the League of Women Voters and the National Institute of Social Sciences and the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Amelia Josephine Burr has charmed the children with her books of verse and "Little Houses." Ever since her first book, "The Roadside Fire," she has had an enthusiastic following as an author. Mrs. Burr was born in New York City and lives at Englewood, although a frequent visitor to Washington.

Now a resident of Honolulu, Grace T. Warren is a writer who has kept Washington, as well as the country at large, thoroughly informed on affairs in Hawaii. The charm of her articles appearing week by week in the California and other newspapers have brought the Paradise Isles very close to America. She has been an extensive traveler and attended the World Press Congress at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1926. Upon her return she indulged in an eloquent tribute to her beloved Hawaii that brings us to the realization that the American flag floating over the tiny islands in Mid-Pacific, covers an area of the earth's surface described by Mark Twain as "the nearest approach to the Garden of Eden of any part or parcel of the terrestrial sphere, known as Mother Earth."

* * *

BACK of the old radio in the White House, newly-furnished and ready for a busy season, the President will tune in and listen, as well as talk to the

tourist and convention invasions. As George Ade has commented, "Heretofore they have pretended to like us, but when they have a real close-up and a cross-section of Americans, the dislike seems to grow deeper and the embers of envious hatred begins to assert itself among certain classes." Some cynic has suggested that we might try staying at home and minding our own business for a year or two and they might like us better.

* * *

A DISCUSSION at a meeting of the Tariff Commission evolved into a discussion of legs—the limbs of women. The curtailment of production in the textiles started it all—when it was disclosed that the entire attire of an American girl today weighed 21 ounces, including shoes, as against 22 ounces of cloth worn by a woman of the most scantily attired race. Then came the information that Paris had decried longer skirts. An old cynic grunted "The laws of progress are immutable. You can never go backward. Skirts are still going up and the trapeze skirt costumes indicate health and freedom—revealing piano legs, stove legs, bow legs, skinny legs—a veritable forest of legs, is a feature of the costume in Modern Eden. Mere legs are no longer a mystery—ankles are of the past—the skirted veil has been rent asunder. No, sir, skirts are going higher—but they still wear caps for the knees, and the golden era of living sculpture is coming that will put to shame the glory of Grecian art."

Through Pacific Sky-Lanes to Hawaii

A gloom cast over the enthusiasm over the safe arrival of the "Woolaroc" by the loss of the companion planes—The Mid-Pacific honey-combed for news of the missing ships

THE ever-alert airplane eye of America was focused during August upon Hawaii. The air mind of the nation turned from the East to the West with the concentrated thought of millions of people upon the islands of the Mid-Pacific which the daring aviators had as an objective in that momentous flight. It was a thrilling scene which greeted the eye when the fleet of ships left to pierce the sky lanes of the Pacific and bring the Orient even closer to America than was Rome to the shores of Africa where Carthage threatened her imperial power in ancient times.

The airport of Oakland, California on that eventful day presented the appearance of a huge arena wherein was a test of endurance involving the age-old titanic struggle by man with time and space. The smiling faces of the aviators under the grim helmets about to make the leap over the ocean which Balboa had christened the Pacific were a sharp contrast to the lowering skies, but the weather report had been received and the orders followed with the nonchalance of starting on a motor ride "Contact on, contact off, and the whirring propellers chanted a requiem of death as well as a peon of victory.

The one tiny figure on which all eyes centered was the little Miss from Michigan who had already been christened "The Flying Schoolteacher." The ship bearing her name was naturally a favorite among the spectators, as well as among the millions throughout the country who followed with almost breathless interest the reports hour by hour of this measurable peace armada of airplanes, skirting the waves and clouds of the great Pacific expanse.

The four planes that made the memorable start from Oakland were the "Woolaroc," with pilot Arthur C. Goebel and Lieut. W. C. Davis, navigator; the "Aloha," piloted by Martin Jensen with Paul Schluter navigator; "The Golden Eagle," driven by Jack Frost and navigated by Gordon Scott, and the "Miss Doran," piloted by John A. Pedlar, navigated by Lieut. V. R. Knope and bearing Miss Mildred Doran as passenger, completed the personnel of dauntless aerial crusaders. What a spartan band!

In the space of a little over one day, while the people of the United States were sleeping one brief night in August the Woolaroc, with Goebel and Davis, arrived safely at Wheeler Field, twenty-five miles from Honolulu. Over fifteen thousand people greeted the winners and listened to the radio messages transmitted from the "Woolaroc," the only machine carrying wireless outfit. It was uncanny to listen to the reports taken from the very skies, as

the machine swept through the witching moonlight ever associated with the islands discovered by Captain Cook, who later served as food for a cannibal feast.

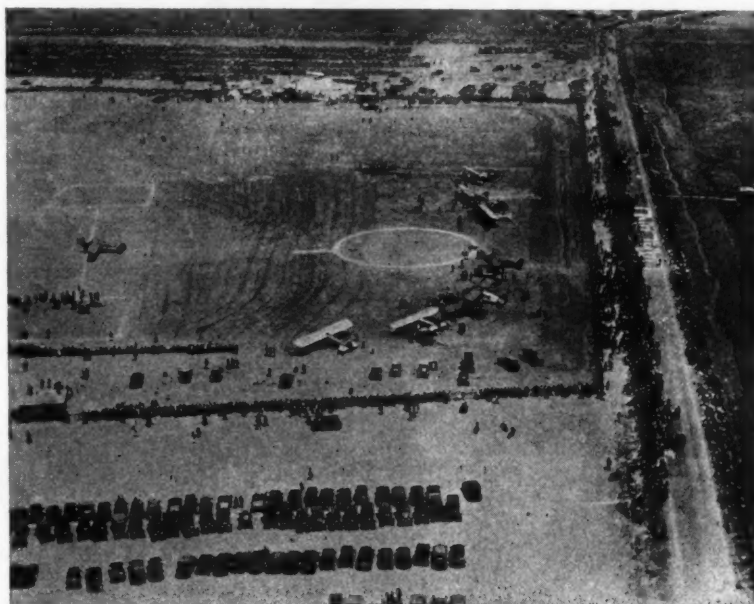
The outstanding facts connected with the winning of the prizes were as follows:

Race won by Arthur C. Goebel, piloting plane "Woolaroc." Flying time—26 hours, 53 minutes.

Second—Martin Jensen, piloting the "Aloha." Flying time—28 hours, 51 minutes, 27 seconds.

starting post; two entrants killed; one disqualified; one withdrew; two forced back by plane trouble; two planes crashed on runway; four continued flight.

Goebel stepped from his plane, attired in a business suit and spotless linen, followed by Lieut. Davis in his Naval uniform. A salute of army bombs bursting in air was the first knowledge that they had of winning the prize, for his initial greeting to the crowd was: "Say, folks, it is grand to land here. How many others are in ahead



Air view of Oakland Airport with the "Oklahoma" on the starting line, ready to take the air in the Dole race to Honolulu

Photo by International Newsreel

Planes "Golden Eagle" and "Miss Doran" missing.

Starting post—Municipal airport, Oakland, Cal.

Finish—Wheeler Field, 25 miles outside Honolulu.

Length of course—2400 land miles.

Starting flag fell—Noon, Tuesday, Aug. 16, Pacific coast time (4 P. M. Eastern daylight time).

Four aircraft started, three monoplanes and one biplane.

Stakes—\$25,000 first prize and \$10,000 second money.

Donor of prizes—James D. Dole, Hawaiian "pineapple king."

Death toll—Three aviators killed en route to starting point at municipal airport, Oakland. Three planes demolished.

Cost to backers—Approximately \$250,000. Gasoline bill alone \$2000.

Total entries—Sixteen—two never obtained planes; two were unable to reach the

of me?" Even then he had gasoline enough for a continued flight of the ship.

When Martin Jensen appeared in his ship "Aloha," he was so stiff that he hesitated on rising from his seat. His face was drawn and haggard, but when he finally was able to raise himself after several efforts, and appeared over the cockpit, he waved to his wife, while the crowd madly cheered. Mrs. Jensen was fairly hysterical with joy, and broke away from the policemen and rushed towards him with tears streaming from her eyes as she hugged and kissed him.

"We got lost, but after four hours wandering we found ourselves and struck out like a blue streak for the Wheeler Field," was his first comment to his wife. Schluter, the navigator, left the plane shortly after Jensen, but modestly lost himself in the milling crowd. Mr. James Dole, the donor of the prize was present and greeted the winners in his characteristic terse way. "That's fine, now for the other two," and he

insisted that he would not rest until the other planes had safely arrived.

While the Hawaiian girls were singing native melodies and hung leis about the

motor as the Woolaroc and won first place in the take-off. Unfortunately, engine trouble developed after this, otherwise the Phillips' would have been the backers of

dered, and everything done that was possible to find some trace, and many hoped against hope—even the slightest evidence of any information concerning the fated aerial mariners was heralded in headlines of hope. The Navy sent the mother ship "Holland" and two seaplanes to investigate the report of an airplane crash near Koko Head, but found no trace. Steamships crossing the Pacific in both directions radioed frequently the disheartening message, "No news."

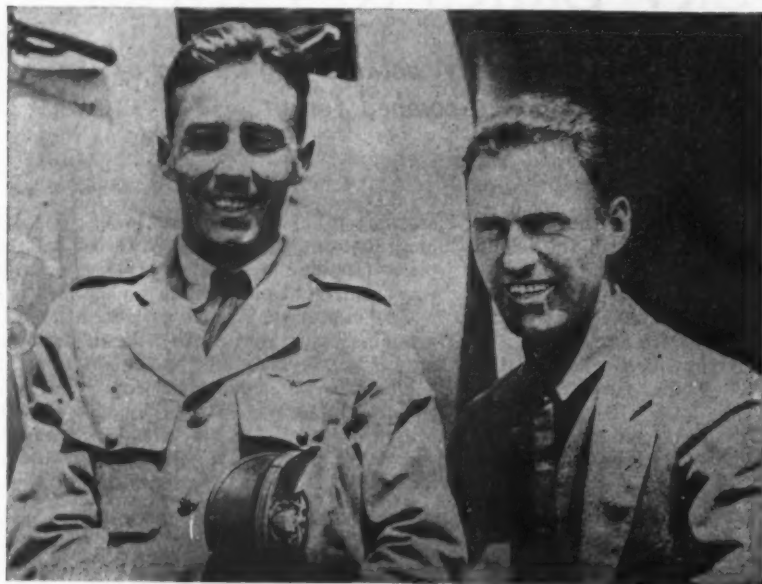
On August 19th the "Dallas Spirit" which had departed hoping to find some trace of the ill-fated flyers, sent an S. O. S. call as follows:

"9:02 P. M. We went into a tail spin—S O S—Relay that—we came out of it, but were sure scared. It was a close call. We thought it was all off, but we came out of it. The lights on the instrument board went out and it was so dark that Bill couldn't see the—we are in a spin—SOS."

The tragic message of doom was never completed. It only recorded additional death toll.

* * *

As in the case of the Atlantic flights the triumphs of Lindbergh were not without their shadows in the loss of Coli and Nungesser, the courageous French aviators. So the curtain falls on the flight through the Pacific sky lane to Hawaii with the sombre shadows of sadness mingled with



Lieutenant William V. Davis (navigator) and Art Goebel (pilot) of the plane "Woolaroc," which landed first on Wheeler field, Island of Oahu, Hawaii

Photo by International Newsreel

necks of Goebel and Davis, Governor Farrington gave them an official greeting. Turning to Davis, placing his hands on the shoulder of the smiling lieutenant, Goebel proudly remarked, "We didn't have a bit of trouble during the entire trip. This dear old man Davis kept us right on the course and we never faltered."

"Where is your log?"

"We didn't keep any log, except in a haphazard way; we were too busy finding the way."

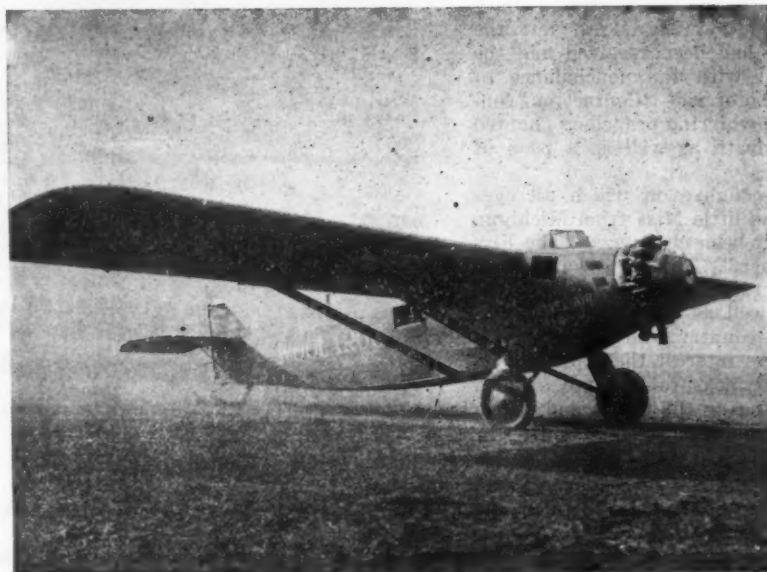
* * *

Dole brought a handful of letters for the flyers and carried them up to the review stand.

"They brought me a letter from Mr. Phillips," said he, indicating that he was sending the boys over to get that money, and added a P. S.: "They will get it."

Frank and L. E. Phillips, of the Phillips Petroleum Co., were greatly interested in the event in view of the fact that their company had recently perfected a new gasoline for use in high compression motors and the "Woolaroc" used this gasoline. It has more power and is lighter weight than most gasolines, both of which are important factors in aerial transportation. They were also interested in the "Oklahoma", a sister ship to the "Woolaroc," which was entered in the race. It was built on exactly the same lines and had the same kind of

two planes in the race. And such a thing might have occurred that they would have won first and second prizes.

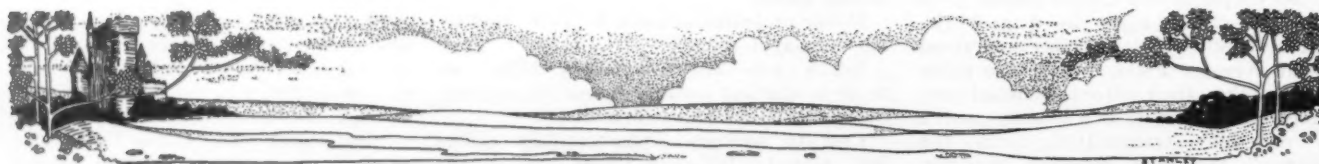


The monoplaner "Woolaroc," the first to land on the San Francisco-Honolulu Flight

Photo by International Newsreel

Leadon hours and weary days passed for the friends of the missing aviators of the lost ships. A look-out was immediately or-

the joyous lights that bade welcome to the new recruits to the increasing number of conquerors of the air.



Coolidge Made a Sioux Indian Chief

Impressive ceremony making the President of the United States a Sioux Indian Chief ("Leading Eagle")—His greeting to the Red Men as American citizens, whose Happy Hunting Grounds now constitute the domain of the great Republic

WHEN I recently visited Little Big Horn battlefield and saw there the statue erected to General Custer and his men who were massacred by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors, it furnished a contrasting scene to that which occurred when President Coolidge was made Chief Leading Eagle of the Sioux tribe. The great prairies through which the river flows were aglow with the gold of harvest time in the Little Big Horn Valley. There was a new story told of the Master by an old scout that I do not recall having seen in print. The feud between General Custer and Sitting Bull was intense. Custer had given the Sioux more trouble than any other military commander and was regarded as the Devil incarnate. One glimpse of his picturesque hair and flowing moustache was enough to command the fear of the red devil fighting braves of the Sioux. Sitting Bull, who was said to have white blood in his veins, had conducted the most effective campaign against the United States troops in those long years of Indian warfare. Sitting Bull had planned that if he could only get Custer his troubles would be solved and he could make an effective peace with the Great White Father at Washington. He was said to have ordered his men to massacre every soldier but to save Custer, as he wanted to hold him as a hostage to carry out his plans. Custer was very popular and had thrilled the romantic readers of Wild West and Indian wartime stories. When the massacre occurred, Custer remained like a tall pine surrounded by his dead comrades who had fought bravely to the last on the mountain which was surrounded by the well-armed Sioux. Realizing his position and that he was to be made a captive and held up to scorn by his enemy, Sitting Bull, as a commander who sacrificed his troops and saved himself, he drew his pistol and committed suicide on that hilltop already running red with the blood of his heroic companions.

All this is interesting in view of the fact that it was a descendant of Sitting Bull, a granddaughter, a charming Sioux princess named Rosebud Yellow Robe, who gave Calvin Coolidge the headdress, while Chief Yellow Robe and Chief Standing Bear conferred upon the President the name Leading Eagle, the highest honor any white man has received in the Sioux tribe.

The bonnet was a most imposing-looking affair and made an interesting study of Calvin Coolidge, although none can say that it was as becoming to him as any one of the hats Mrs. Coolidge wears is to her. He was also shown in the full robes of his high position in the Sioux tribe, but the head-

dress was the crowning bit of apparel, made from the wing-feathers of 31 eagles mounted on buckskin, a most appropriate trophy for the Chief Executive of the Nation symbolized by the eagle. The hair tied to the tips of the feathers indicates deeds of valor.



Photo by International Newsreel

Latest portrait of President Coolidge as Chief "Leading Eagle"

On the colorful headband resting upon the Presidential brow are five weazel tails placed on each side, the ermine insignia of Indian royalty. The ceremonies were enlivened by responses given by the Indian chiefs in their native tongue and characteristic grunts. The president's address tuned in well with the stately phrasing of Indian

oratory, which has no counterpart among all the races of people, for the Indian is a natural-born orator and speaks in terms of the Nature he knows and loves and understands. This was a time when the President of the United States, heretofore known as the Great Father, was addressing his fellow citizens as Americans and they were greeting him as an adopted redman, one of the notable tribes that originally owned the land and area over which the present United States of America extends.

"There are over 200 tribes and bands in the United States, each with its own name, tongue, history, traditions, code of ethics and customs, which have the effect of law with Indian tribes. It is a curious fact that most people in this country seem to believe that the Indians are a homogeneous people and can be dealt with as a unified race or nation. The exact contrary is the outstanding fact which has made the Indian problem a most difficult one.

"Today, we find that the Indian people, recently primitive, not so very far from the hunter stage, are surrounded by twentieth century conditions which are alien to their racial characteristics, their tribal ways, and states of mind. While thousands of them have succeeded in adjusting themselves in the new order of things, a great portion of them, mostly the older ones, still cling to the old ways, stoically refusing to go further along the modern road. They wish to live and die according to the old traditional ways of the Indians, and they should be permitted to do so.

"Many Indians are still in a primitive state, although strongly influenced by white contacts, and thousands are as civilized as their neighbors. On one hand, we find a considerable proportion are so little advanced that they can speak but few English words, while on the other hand we find tens of thousands who speak, read and write the English language, and a large percentage of this class have had a grammar school education and many are graduates of high schools, colleges and universities. A substantial number of Indians have attained high places in business, the learned professions, in the arts and sciences and in politics.

"Within recent years agriculture and stock raising have been gaining ground in the economic progress of the Indian people; but many of them are still unable at this time to take their places in the world as self-supporting farmers, mechanics, manufacturers and skilled laborers."

Concluding his address, Mr. Coolidge paid a high tribute to the part taken by the Indian in the World War. "More than 12,000

served in armed forces of the nation," he said; "many of them with distinction."

"Those of us who were present on the occasion of the burial of the unknown soldier," he said, "will not soon forget the closing act of the ceremony. A group of old Indian

In common with the hundreds of thousands who have visited Yellowstone Park, the President travelled speechless and inspired before the glories of the Yellowstone, guide book in hand, picking out here and there the forenoon phantasies as the

tribute to the Nation's Wonderland—a place "not wholly to be paralleled elsewhere on the globe."

"The Yellowstone Park is something absolutely unique in the world. . . . No where else in any civilized country is there to be found such a tract of veritable wonderland made accessible to all visitors, where at the same time not only the scenery of the wilderness, but the wild creatures of the Park are scrupulously preserved; the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show a literally astounding tameness.

"When we have a good system of carriage roads throughout the Park—for, of course, it would be very unwise to allow either steam or electric roads in the Park—we shall have a region as easy and accessible to travel in, as it is already every whit as interesting as any similar territory of the Alps or the Italian Riviera. The geysers, the extraordinary hot springs, the lakes, the mountains, the canyons, and cataracts, unite to make this region something not wholly to be paralleled elsewhere on the globe.

"I have always thought it was a liberal education to any man of the East to come West, and he can combine profit with pleasure if he will incidentally visit this Park, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and Yosemite, and take the sea voyage to Alaska.

"But, of course this Park, also because of its peculiar features, is to be preserved as a beautiful natural playground. Here all the wild creatures of the old days are being preserved, and their overflow into the surrounding country, so long as the



President and Mrs. Coolidge and son on way to Yellowstone Park

warriors, some of whom were Sioux, arranged themselves around the tomb, while one, acting for the whole Indian people, laid upon the bier his war bonnet.

"This was not an idle gesture, it symbolized the outstanding fact that redmen and their neighbors had been brought together as one people and that never again would there be hostility between the two races. As one of these old warriors said, 'who knows but that this unknown soldier was an Indian boy?'"

There was little in the Black Hills area that was not visited and seen by the President and Mrs. Coolidge. They stood before the great Rosamond Mountain where the gigantic portraits of President Washington and others are to be sculptured in the great perpendicular granite mountain side. Gutzon Borglum has already prepared to begin his stupendous work which will mark a memorable shrine in the great Northwest.

On a glorious August day, the President, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge and their son John, left for Yellowstone Park, 200 miles away. The impressions gathered in this animated area of Nature's wonderland extending from stately Mount Washburn to the beautiful lake two miles in the air where the fish give a bite. On his entrance to the Park the President was presented a new fishing rod and line by the Governor of Montana, and his first query on entering the park was as to whether there was good fishing. The visit to Old Faithful sending its gushing waters one hundred feet in the air every sixty seconds, as regularly as the clock ticked, is ever an all-inspiring spectacle. The varied geysers with their rainbow hues and queer freaks of Nature carry on continuously hour after hour their playful sports amid the fumes that suggest Dante's Inferno at its worst.

day gathered color. He travelled through fields of snow, bordered with flowers, and witnessed the splendour of noon-time at the Canyon, where the Twin Falls sounded forth the music of falling waters that suggested the diapason of a great orchestra



President Coolidge being initiated into the Sioux tribe

Photo by International Newareel

playing the Wedding March in that great Cathedral of Nature.

The entrancing twilight in the valleys, the witchery of moonlight on the lake, the glee of spouting geysers, are a fitting setting for the romantic traditions and discoveries of Yellowstone Park, for was it not Theodore Roosevelt while President of the United States who paid this glowing

laws are observed by all, will ensure to the people and to their children and to their children's children much of the old-time pleasure of the hardy life of the wilderness and of the hunter in the wilderness. This pleasure, moreover, can, under such conditions, be kept for all who have the love of adventure and the hardihood to take advantage of it, with small regard for

Continued on page 46

Barcelona, the Busy Metropolis of Spain

The largest sea-port in Spain with a population of nearly 2,000,000 and a subway rush that reminds one of New York—The historic Ramblas and wharf where Columbus landed on his return after discovering America

EVERY large center of population has its peculiar odors accentuated in hot weather, and Barcelona, with its throng of a million or more busy people, has a July atmosphere all its own. It is a seaport of much importance where distance seems annihilated and where direct communication is established pier to pier between ports reaching to the farthestmost parts of the globe. Here we could visualize how the world is coming closer and closer together through expeditious transportation and contact represented by the radio, airplane, shipping, telegraph, and telephone which is now linking marts of the world together in bonds of trade and commerce.

Coming into Barcelona on an express train which circled among factories, warehouses, and a long row of tall tenement houses suggested to us an entrance to New York via the Grand Central. From a long line of balconies, fore and aft, was unfurled the far-flung "Monday washing," displaying linen of every color and hue. Speedy cars from the suburbs dashed hither and thither, creating a nightmarish snarl of traffic. The new subway, completed in January, 1925, was crowded to capacity during the rush hours. Here and there were a few donkeys, evidence of the leisurely life of southern Spain, that seemed out of place in Barcelona, which is first and last a city of "go and get" business. Shops there were aplenty, some on wide boulevards, with here and there a crooked, narrow street leading out at acute angles, clustered with buildings that drooped at varying slants as though they were bent by the winds of the hoary ages which they have weathered. Barcelona of today has one worthy ambition; that is, to have the widest and best sidewalks in all Europe. While the boulevards are planned on a broad scale, their old footpaths are the pride of the city.

Chattering throngs of people, out for their evening stroll on the Ramblas, filled the historic old thoroughfare. A promenade in the center, lined with shade trees, is the rendezvous where the people foregather for a bit of afternoon gossip; an intermingling of citizens of all nations. The flower market was the popular meeting place for shy lovers. Everyone seems to regard flowers as a necessity of life in sunny Spain, and no girl considers herself completely attired on the promenade without a floral decoration in her hair.

On the Ramblas—over which the people parade or "ramble"—are a series of boxes resembling telephone booths, around which little groups of people gathered. These

were the "offices" of the professional "scribes," or public letter-writers, to whom the people who cannot write come to have their missives engrossed, dependent on the tender mercy and confidence of the professional knights of the pen, to whom they entrust innermost secrets. Here was a sweet-

ceeded in uniting the picturesque and artistic beauty of Swiss and Spanish hostelrys with the sanitation, comfort, and luxury of the modern American hotels. He is prepared to serve Americans with ice water and grape fruit and cereal in American style if desired. He also officiates at and



An old
Hansom cab
"of the 90's"
discovered
in old
Barcelona

heart writing to her lover; a mother to her son; a mother with children addressing the father far away. They act out dramatically the words they wish inscribed, making it a real drama in itself, reflecting the comedy and tragedy of human life. The one thing that the King and Primo de Rivera are seeking to rectify is the illiteracy of the country by providing more free schools; expending the money that is usually absorbed by political graft in educating the thousands of children that they may escape the ban of ignorance from which their fathers have suffered in past generations.

Torn-up streets and the clatter of construction and reconstruction that is the usual sign of a propensity to progress in growing communities, evidenced conclusively that Barcelona is a growing modern metropolis. The Catalan square of the city was being reconstructed on a gigantic scale. The spirit of the Catalanian is one of foresight and energy. The Ritz Hotel, with its all-American bath rooms, built by Jaquito Montillor, formerly with Jean Baptiste Martin on 26th Street, New York, and later head waiter at the Plaza Hotel, New York, is counted one of the finest in Europe. Montillor returned from the United States with a definite idea of what a modern hotel in Europe should be, and has suc-

directs the large public banquets and bar-becue feasts where thousands are served, just as our own "Oscar" from the Waldorf directs his service like a field marshal with impressive military precision, he having fed five thousand people at one time during the horse show season in the old days.

Along the Calle de Gracio are automobile showrooms, where American cars predominate, and indicate why the exports from America have increased so rapidly. The display compares favorably with the spacious windows on upper Broadway, the one locality on earth where it seems as if every individual in all the world owns a motor car.

Some of the business houses of Barcelona have imposing fronts of ornate design. The leading music house, "Isabel," featuring Steinways, has impressive balconies, adorned with statues of heroic size, which attract the attention of sightseers, who crane their necks and inquire of the guide, "Is this a palace?" The policemen with scarlet jackets hidden beneath blue capes, answer questions while directing traffic amid resounding horns on the busy corners, with all the officious dignity of a Michigan Avenue cop in Chicago.

In the old markets of Barcelona are reminders of the oriental bazaars—rugs, fili-

gree, spices, beads, jeweled art-brass ware, laces and quaint objects, some valuable and some valueless, but all suggesting the game of barter, where buyer and seller sit cross-legged, face to face, and talk ceaselessly to establish a price for the article of trade, which is always kept in view. Catalonians, alert and self-reliant in their own language, use the letter X for the letters "Che," but the language is by no means an algebraic expression. They have some of the words and characteristics ascribed to the ancient Phoenicians, who settled on these shores long before Rome became mistress of the world.

There is something about the people of Catalonia that reminds one of the highland folk of Caledonia. Scotch thrift and

men of Barcelona together to make the crisis a common cause and combine all resources to avert what threatened to become a crashing panic of the first magnitude. Rambo is an able lawyer and is a conspicuous leader in the business and political affairs of this metropolis of Espana.

Previous to the Primo de Rivera regime there was a wave of labor unrest in Barcelona. Capital and labor were waging a bitter conflict which had gone to such lengths that an employer appearing in the streets wearing a white collar ran the risk of assassination in broad daylight. Several manufacturers were even shot and killed in the streets because of the linen they wore. A business man in those days left his home in the morning wondering

other ruins, recall the antiquity of the locality. The cloisters of the various churches contain splendid examples of varied art which have supplied many of the ideas and plans adapted in the interior and exterior decoration of Spanish homes built in the United States. Windows, doors, stairways, cornices, and pillars with ornate decorations, furnish the opportunity for the obsequious guides to embroider pseudo-historic facts or fancies, referring to various countries, that usually bring generous tips from the tourist.

At every turn, Spain seemed a joyful land of refreshing surprises. A newsboy shouting "Times de Nueva York" was like a message from home. One lone copy of the *New York Times* was held aloft as he endeavored to convey to us his idea that the value of the paper was enhanced, being heralded in the ancient Catalan tongue with all the impressionable words containing double l's as in the Welsh tongue. The persistence with which the Catalonians resist the use of the Spanish language in business, preferring their own Catalanian, is evident among the porters. Relentlessly they boycott Spanish, just as the natives did the German tongue in Alsace-Lorraine during the early days of the occupation in 1871. The variance in language is the barrier that has ever kept European nations apart, and is one reason for continued racial hatred.

The difficulties attending the nationalization of Spain is due to the fact that the numerous dialects and the varying customs render communication and the assimilation of ideas difficult. Old traditions die hard, and Espana has been for centuries a simmering melting pot in which there still remain remnants of the receding tides of imperial days, while the slowly evolving alloy of modern ways works steadily on, merging Spain into a homogeneous whole.

As Catalonia pays one-third of all the taxes of the country, the Catalonians insist on having a goodly share of the school funds and public improvements, with a peep now and then at the national budget. In their veins there flows the blood of the Iberians, Goths, Saracens and Franks, as well as that of the Greco-Romans, with a dominant suggestion of the Gallic of the Scotch. They retain some of the paramount virtues for which these races are famous, and have much to hope for in the new order of affairs on the old Peninsula of Iberia.

It was in Barcelona that Ignatius Loyola gave up his career as a warrior and became a priest, founding what is known as the Brotherhood of Jesus, or the Jesuit Order. Their work can be traced from here on through to the Indies, to the innermost recesses of the Andes, to the remotest parts of Canada, and to our own Sierra Nevadas in California, where the imprint of missions established still remains a cherished tradition of the Golden State of America.

Wandering leisurely about the city, I came upon a group of Americans surrounding a monument which marks the place where Isabella received Columbus upon his return from the Americas. Among them was a Kansas school teacher reciting the story of how Columbus, after a long journey from Palos, from which port he had set sail,



Spanish warship in the harbor of Malaga

industry found within the boundaries of Espana is impressive, and makes one wonder whether or not Barcelona is really located in old Spain.

Barcelona is counted the commercial center of Spain. This port enjoyed prosperity during the World War. Following this came the universal struggle on the part of the working people to maintain for themselves an economic post-war status and at the same time establish a scale of wages that would enable Spanish industry to compete with their rivals for the trade of the Levant. While the war was on, Spain took some trade from Italy, but when peace was declared the commercial battle was renewed. This brought about an acute condition in Barcelona, with its large payrolls.

When Primo de Rivera appeared on the scene as Dictator, the outbreaks of anarchy and bolshevism were controlled under martial law, without resorting to the use of the severe drastic measures employed by Mussolini in Italy.

Francisco Rambo, one of Barcelona's leading financiers, is looked upon as the leader of the progressive spirit that pervaded Barcelona in 1926. By some he is accounted the Pierpont Morgan of Spain. When, soon after the war, a financial crash was imminent, and many banks were about to close their doors, he called the financial

whether he would meet the sullen mob, return safely to his family in the evening, or be brought home in a coffin. There was a real reason for martial law in Barcelona. With the stabilization of the industrial situation, a system of mass production has been adopted, that looks as though Barcelona was taking a hint or two from Henry Ford's plan of endless chain operations at Detroit. Spain is conserving capital to develop industries with the hope of making long forward steps towards becoming one of the most prosperous countries in Europe.

As we motored up to Montserrat, near Barcelona, scenes from Wagner's last opera, "Parsifal," came to mind. Around this shrine hangs the halo of the story of the "Holy Grail." Dulce, in the hour of her sublime sacrifice on the summit of Montserrat, cried out to God in the agony that filled her heart. So vividly was the picture portrayed in the opera recalled that we instinctively and reverently doffed hats as we passed the historic shrine. Montserrat has played, and plays today, a great place in war, in art, and in *belles lettres*.

Not far from Taragona is to be seen an old Roman monastery, and on the road to Lerida lies the route followed by the soldiers who won the lands back from the Moors in the twelfth century. The famous Golden Gate, and the relics of many Roman and

was received in this open plaza in Barcelona by the King and Queen, when the title of Lord High Admiral of the Indies was bestowed upon him, just as our Admiral Dewey was honored on his return from the Philippines. He was then and there guaranteed such rights and revenues that, had the contract been fulfilled, Columbus would have become the wealthiest man of all time. By the terms of the royal mandate and agreement, Columbus was to have derived one-eighth of all the profits from his discoveries. It staggers the imagination even to consider what one-eighth part of the wealth which poured into the coffers of Spain as a direct result of Columbus' discoveries would aggregate at this time. And yet, the discoverer died in poverty—wretched and broken-hearted. During the Spanish-American War, and after the battle of Manila, the indignant Catalonians of Barcelona pelted the statue of Columbus in blind fury, scorning the memory of the heroic feat which the intrepid navigator had accomplished, despite the historic fact that Columbus had brought undying fame to Spain in general and Catalonia in particular.

In the lobby of the Ritz Hotel in Barcelona I heard a ripple of song that echoed the gay spirit of a boy off for a frolic. It was the golden voice of Miguel Fleta, the tenor, who was passing this way for an "evening of his own" amid the old haunts.

Young, small in stature, with a pleasing personality, he has already accomplished much, but counts success in the United States as the coveted goal of his career, and here he was at home in Spain. Born in Saragossa, Fleta played "bull fight" on the street with the other youngsters. With all his earthly possessions in a small bundle, and carrying his mother's blessing, he departed for Barcelona to study music, earning his first money by driving a tiny donkey over the mountains.

In a chat concerning New York he remarked: "It seems as if all the cathedrals of Europe have been assembled and placed in New York and dedicated to commerce. In the New York subway I counted seven foreigners reading newspapers in as many different languages: Italian, German, Polish, Spanish, and three Yiddish. How is it possible for America to unify and amalgamate a citizenship with races of people reading newspapers in many tongues? To me it suggests the Tower of Babel. How is it?" he concluded, turning to Buddy.

"The explanation is easy," replied the ever confident youth. "Fifty-seven races and creeds get along well together in America because they read much the same advertisements, wash themselves with the same soap, use the same tooth-paste and wear the same sort of collars and clothes, drink the same tea and coffee, eat the same sort of foods—and there you are. It is advertising that unifies America."

With whimsical regret, mixed with the conventional pleasure that is expected to be shown on such occasions, we see that women are "coming into their own" at last in Spain. The New York gowns worn by the wealthier class in the cities seem less piquant than the quaint and colorful

dress of the unsophisticated towns. Still no hat in all the world can ever be as charming as the beautiful, soft lace mantilla which is disappearing. The handsome, dark-eyed girls and women, carefully sheltered through generations within the gardens and behind the fantastically wrought iron gates of Spanish villas, are traveling more, becoming less romantic and picturesque, and more like the women of other nations.

Recently the King appointed the Marquesa de Belmonte de la Vega Real, a noblewoman of one of Spain's most aristocratic families, to "study American institutions for women and to suggest a way for higher education for the women of Spain."

The Marquesa brought with her a son and daughter whom she is placing in Amer-

ican schools. Her enthusiasm for America as the "most alert and active force in education today" is so intense that she is quoted as saying: "Personally I regard your educational program so important, especially for young men and women who must face world issues, that I feel a boy in Europe cannot expect to make much headway unless he has had a part, if not a whole, American education."

Other aristocratic Spaniards have educated their children here. At present the second son of the Spanish Ambassador, J. Alex Padilla, is at college in this country, and in Spain one meets everywhere among the well born people, young men of affairs whose faces brighten at the word "America," and who will say, in excellent English, "Oh, yes, I have been to America. I spent so many years at such and such a school," or they will cite other contacts with the life of our country.

Nor does America stand for education alone in the Spanish mind. Our sports prove attractive also. The King knows his baseball rules and is a skilled polo player. His team is outstanding on the continent. While we do not go in for polo the way the English and the Spanish people do, nevertheless the Spaniards evidently believe us worthy players. For in November the *Manual Arvus* brought to America three

famous players: Capt. Jose Cavanilas, Capt. Emilio Lopez de Letona and Capt. Marquis de los Trujillos. These army officers had with them six high-bred polo ponies from Arabian stock, ponies that had won ribbons in France, Italy, and Portugal.

In the realm of entertainment Raquel Meller has discovered our appreciation to be widespread, warm-hearted, and sincere. Nor is this appreciation entirely for her "personality." That may be compelling, but no artist single-handed could enthrall an audience for three hours if she were not handling material which had high appeal in itself. We recall her performances particularly at Symphony Hall in Boston as illustrative. This great high-studded hall is



Typical farmhouse on Bay of Biscay in the Pyrenees

New Science of Managing Seasonal Hotels

The story of Clement Kennedy, the president of the famous North Shore summer resort, the New Ocean House, who has taken over the palatial Vinoy Park winter hotel at Saint Petersburg, Florida, for the winter season

THERE is no one vocation that evolved into a science more rapidly than the operation of the modern American hotel. It has become more of an institution since the halcyon days of the tavern. It involves not only the social, but the economic life of the people, and is a component part of business operation. Vacations are no longer a luxury, but a recognized necessity and winter vacation has become even more important in the plan of prolonging life and getting the most out of the active years of human effort.

These thoughts came to mind when the information was given that Mr. Clement E. Kennedy, President and General Manager of the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass., was chosen managing director of the famous Vinoy Park Hotel, Saint Petersburg, Florida. Mr. Kennedy is one of the youngest hotel managers of the country, and is able to combine his summer connection at Swampscott with this new \$5,000,000 Florida hotel.

The Vinoy Park Hotel is recognized as one of the most luxuriously appointed hotels in this country. It is of Spanish renaissance design, containing three hundred and seventy-five rooms, each with private bath. The hotel, overlooking the waters of the beautiful Tampa Bay, is situated in the most exclusively developed residential section of Saint Petersburg. The front of the hotel faces a yacht basin a third of a mile long provided for the convenience of guests of the hotel. The dining room of the Vinoy Park Hotel with its brilliant Pompeian decorations is recognized as an outstanding architectural achievement.

The Vinoy Park Hotel was completed in 1925 under the direction of Mr. Aymer Vinoy Laughner of Pittsburgh, President of the hotel company. Mr. Laughner is credited with having been personally responsible in the almost miraculous development that has come to Saint Petersburg in recent years.

Mr. Amos P. Avery, a leading banker of Saint Petersburg, is Vice President of the company and Mr. Bayard S. Cook, of the law firm of Cook & Harris, Saint Petersburg, is Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Kennedy was born in Fall River, the son of a newspaper editor of that city. His elementary education was in the public schools of Fall River and Worcester Academy. He entered Harvard in 1912 and received his degree in 1916. While in college he participated in the usual undergraduate activities. He was editor of the Harvard *Crimson*, the college daily. During his college career, Mr. Kennedy was a reporter on the Boston *Journal* and was Har-

vard correspondent for the Associated Press.

While still in college Mr. Kennedy accepted a summer position in 1915 with the New Ocean House, assisting in the publication of a daily newspaper for the guests of the hotel. After graduation from college



Clement E. Kennedy

in 1916, he took a position at the New Ocean House as assistant cashier.

During the winter of 1916-1917 Mr. Kennedy held a front office position at the Hotel Titchfield, Port Antonio, Jamaica. He returned to the New Ocean House in the summer of 1917 as an assistant manager. At the conclusion of the summer of 1917, he received the position of an assistant manager at the Hotel Lenox, where he remained until he enlisted in the Army.

Enlisting as private, first class, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, December 13, 1917, Clement Kennedy was commissioned Second Lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, March 18, 1918, attached to 830th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Michigan, and to School of Aerial Gunnery, Wilbur Wright Field, Ohio; sailed for France June 4, 1918; assigned to Ninth Night Reconnaissance Squadron; promoted to First

Lieutenant Air Service, Military Aeronautics, March 18, 1919; with Army of Occupation, Germany, December 4, 1918 to May 20, 1919; returned to United States June 24 and discharged July 19, 1919. Was in Saint Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

Holding a commission as Captain in the Quartermaster Reserve Corps, Kennedy served as Vice Commander of Post 57, American Legion Department of Massachusetts and is also an associate member of Crosscup-Pishon Post, American Legion.

Upon discharge from the Army in July, 1919, Mr. Kennedy resumed the position of assistant manager at the New Ocean House. Since that time he has held positions of assistant manager, assistant treasurer and director of the New Ocean House. He was elected Vice President of the operating company in 1922. In January, 1926, Mr. Kennedy was elected President and General Manager of the New Ocean House, Inc. During 1924-1925 he was lecturer in the course on Hotel Management at Boston University School of Business Administration. His wife, Katherine D. Kennedy, is the daughter of the late Major General William H. Devine, Surgeon General of Massachusetts during the administrations of Governors Douglas and Guild.

As a member of the Harvard Club of Boston; American Hotel Association; New England Hotel Association; Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association; Oxford Club of Lynn, Massachusetts; American Legion; Military Order of the World War; Reserve Officers Association; Society of 40 and 8; Tedesco Country Club of Swampscott, Massachusetts; Colonial Golf Club of Lynnfield, Massachusetts; Homestead Country Club of Danvers, Massachusetts; New England Bakers Association; Boston Sales Managers Club; American Management Association; Salem Chamber of Commerce; Director, Lynn Chamber of Commerce; Kiwanis Club of Lynn, he has been in close touch with the business and social activities of New England.

Mr. Kennedy will be a most welcome addition to the distinguished array of hotel managerial talent that has already discovered and is operating in Florida. He is a man who has given thorough study to every detail of hotel management. As the son of a newspaper editor, he worked long hours in the newspaper office at the early age of fourteen. He assisted in obtaining his Harvard diploma by the rugged, rough-and-tumble experience in newspaper work. It was through his newspaper connections that he first became interested in the hotel business. In editing a small daily newspaper at Swampscott, he discovered the close re-

Continued on page 36

The American Rolling Mill Co.

ONE of the most interesting booklets that has arrived at the reviewer's desk for some time is the very attractive booklet issued by the American Rolling Mill Co. of Middletown, Ohio, entitled "Armco Ingot Iron: Its History and Service," bearing the legend, of course, "Printed in the U. S. A." This label becomes necessary since the expansion in the use of Armco products has spread broadcast over the world.

The information contained in this document is interesting for any student who is looking for reasons for the world's great progress in manufacturing during these modern years of the Iron Age. For a builder of buildings the book is full of vital information; for the constructor of drainage systems there is the same interest. To the manufacturer of refrigerators, washing machines and the various multiplicity of modern devices for the saving of labor in the home there is the most useful information in this booklet, for it gives the history and development of Armco Ingot Iron that has filled and supplied a need for pure iron that is constantly growing. As the author of the booklet says in his opening paragraphs:

"The making of Armco Ingot Iron—pure iron—was neither accidental nor unpremeditated. Economic necessity fostered, and scientific research assured its development. But the economic urge which finally led to its production came originally from farmers all over the country.

"These farmers found that modern steel products were not giving them the length of service which they had secured from the iron of previous generations. They lodged their complaints with the United States Department of Agriculture. Finally, the problem became so important that the Department of Agriculture sought to solve the question: "What causes rust, and what can be done to curb the hasty deterioration of modern steel?"

Dr. A. S. Cushman, then associated with the United States Department of Public Roads, and later President of the Industrial Research Laboratories in Washington, D. C., was chosen to conduct this investigation. His searching experiments and contributions, substantiating the now commonly accepted electrolytic explanation of corrosion, have been published again and again both at home and abroad. A government pamphlet, No. 239, dealing with "The Corrosion of Fence Wire," published in 1905, was the result of these experiments. This pamphlet pointed out that purity added to the life of iron and that impurities hastened corrosion.

A history of rust-resisting Armco Ingot

Iron production is a history of economic accomplishment. The nature of the manufacturing process required the choice of the

is considered by scientists to be one of the three outstanding ferrous metallurgical accomplishments of the century.



George M. Verity,
President of the
American Rolling
Mill Company,
Middletown, Ohio

highest grade raw materials, a standardized method of production, and the use of purifying practices. This iron, because of its purity, has established itself as an iron of durability, and is accepted as an economical material for the many requirements demanding a long and satisfactory service life.

The history and development of this iron

In the earliest days of the iron industry, there was no such thing as commodity steel. What little steel was made was produced by the cementation process which added to the iron the necessary carbon to give it hardening properties for the making of weapons. The irons of that time were made by the laborious hand processes when

modern commercial methods of iron and steel making were unknown.

The very importance of the materials and the constantly growing appreciation of the substantial difference in the life of iron and steel under service conditions make it necessary for every user of these products to inform himself on the correct way to describe and specify the particular metal his needs require.

The writer of the booklet has made it most attractive reading. Under the title "A Day at Armco" he gives a personally conducted tour through this tremendous manufacturing institution.

Although by no means would it be possible to see everything at ARMCO in one short day, still, a trip through the "East Side Works" at Middletown, Ohio, will give us a general picture of the largest manufactory in the world devoted to the making of special analysis iron and steel sheets for exacting uses.

Other days could be interestingly spent at Columbus, Ohio, where two large blast furnaces are located; then at Zanesville, Ohio, where additional sheet mill capacity increases ARMCO tonnage; and at Ashland, Kentucky, the largest division of ARMCO outside of Middletown. This plant is complete in itself, including blast furnaces, open hearth furnaces, blooming mills, and sheet mills.

We could further extend our trip to Wisconsin and Michigan ore mines; to the Great Lakes, where ore boats are continually carrying huge cargoes of virgin iron; and then South East to Indiana, West Virginia and Kentucky where we find coal

mines, coke ovens, limestone quarries, and flour spar mines. For all these go to make up a gigantic, self-contained industry, controlling a supply of the raw materials that enter into the manufacture of iron and steel, from the ore in the ground to the finished product.

But a day is a day. So, as a logical starting place let us enter the Open Hearth Department at the "East Side Works" at Middletown, Ohio, where the crude iron from the blast furnace is converted into "the purest iron made."

In this personally conducted tour, profusely illustrated, the different departments are vividly visualized by means of the half-tone pictures and pertinent paragraphs, clean, concise statements that almost give one physical presence in the midst of this scene of marvellous activity. Under the headings "Open Hearth Charging Floor," "Taking a Test," "The Control Laboratory," "Teeming Metal into Ingot Molds," "Stripper Crane at Work," "The Soaking Pit," "Roughing Down Mill," "Catching," "Sheet Heating," "Annealing," "Sheet Pickling," "Galvanizing Pot," "Finish Cold Rolling," and "Assembling and Shipping Room," the writer has completed a most interesting and entertainingly pictured description of this wonderful plant, ARMCO.

The fact that ARMCO is adding another \$10,000,000 in development to its present \$100,000,000 development, typifies the rapidity with which a good, concrete idea can be developed under skillful management displayed in so many ways in the production of a pure product.

Years ago President George M. Verity of the American Rolling Mill Co. drew around the manufacture of ARMCO Ingot Iron the spirit of co-operation from executive through the departments of experimentation, manufacturing, selling and purchasing to shipping. This policy of the broad-minded executive has become invincible.

We find on the last page of the brochure the picture of a stalwart worker in the foreground of a teeming productive plant. One bare arm and hand enfold the familiar ARMCO triangle trademark, the other hand carries the heavy leather working gloves used in his part of the production of ARMCO Iron. The jacket open at the throat displays a muscular chest and neck, while the countenance above tells the story of sturdy, satisfied efforts in the production of ARMCO. This picture symbolizes the words which have become a text throughout this great ARMCO institution. Long years ago, President Verity penned a paragraph for this typifying illustration of ARMCO and we wish to quote it:

"ARMCO SPIRIT" is a comprehensive vital force which finds expression in the practical application of policies builded on a platform of Christian principles in which selfish purpose has no place."

But one must get this interesting booklet, "ARMCO Ingot Iron, Its History and Service" to enjoy to the full the wonderful description and the myriads of facts and phases of its development and uses. It will be sent upon request from the American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.

Barcelona — Continued from page 13

city. Inside its massive walls, with the mellow light shining through the old stained glass windows, the worshipper finds a quiet and restful retreat in the very heart of the rushing tides of trade. The moss-grown walls surrounded by waving palms, luxuriant medlars and oleanders, make it an oasis for weary sightseers. At the Chapter House a flock of geese is publicly maintained in grateful memory of the time when the honking of the fowls gave warning that the enemy was advancing, and saved the city from destruction.

In architectural activity Barcelona is catching the breath of a new adventurous art spirit to glorify her commerce and industry. It bids fair to become the most fantastic of modern cities, boldly encompassing broad plans indexing future needs of a city of six millions—accepting nothing less than the gauge of New York City. The Gran via Diagonal will extend ten miles. While the gridiron plan, so familiar in the United States, has been utilized to some extent, there is a bold departure with bizarre figures and decorations softening the sharp corners and angles. Originality and defiance of precept in design is flashed here and there, which is courageous, if not eccentric, but at all times contributing toward an ensemble of constructive beauty not surpassed in the world. The spectral turrets in the "Guel" park; the imposing spires of the uncompleted cathedral of The

Holy Family, which has been in the course of construction twenty years, are all a part of the grouping of architectural lines based upon the fundamental law of nature and human nature in "the frozen art," as architecture has been called—a weird interplay of design interplaying about the slender spires with something of the swelling Greek curves. The towers have the form of a corkscrew, a suggestion of ancient India—Gothic with a hint of Moorish. The master architect Gandi has left his impress upon Barcelona. There is also the Palace of Music, with its facade of riotous color in majolica with brick adorned with a sculptured group commemorating Caledonian folk-song. The Plaza de Toros seating twenty-five thousand is strikingly appropriate in lines and mass proportions. Barcelona is starting out boldly for a note in its architecture as distinctive as that of Paris, Venice, Rome, or New York and others—reading the scroll backwards in Time's flight. Some of the villas have a striking line—such as Casa Guel—an apartment house with the lines and curves like waves of the sea, and balconies rhythmic as the wind—especially appropriate for the family Guel, associated with the large shipping interests. They gave the Elfin-like park to the city, as a background for the wide scope of Gandi's genius, who began twenty-four years ago to make Barcelona the "belle of all modern cities" in

rugged and creative architecture, utilizing the ideas of all periods and races, even to the adaptation of the tepee of the North American Indian and the habitat of the ancient cliff dwellers and mound builders of America, on the new continent, which was discovered by Columbus, who upon his triumphal return voyage landed at Barcelona.

Strains of "Barcelona," the popular jazz tune of 1926, which sounded strangely like a twin sister of "Valencia," was heard on entering the ball room in the Ritz, where a social club gathered to pay its weekly tribute to the god of Jazz. They gathered about the area of the polished floor at the tables and made merry with carnival caps and balloons—just as we do in America—but with the addition of paper fans in brilliant colors. It made us long more for the quaint scenes of Andalusia and the interior, where the guitar twanged and the castanet clicked, while the lithsome forms of Spanish girls swayed side to side with a rhythm that suggested the undulations of ripened grain in gentle breezes of harvest days. What would the world become were we all to dance the same way, eat the same food, wear the same clothing, merge into one great common bowl of mirth? It would soon grow stale, without the infinite variety of unleashed emotions and pleasures of the individual, that marks inherent social instincts and impulses.

Confessions of an Optimist

A portion of an address delivered by the Editor of the National Magazine at the International Advertising Convention at Denver, June 1927—Impressions gleaned from editorial contact with all sorts of people in many countries

WHEN I received a recent letter from Elihu Root—the master mind of his day—calling me a man of “indestructible good humor,” I just smiled modestly and felt tickled all inside o’ me. I would rather have people say that I am an optimist than to call me any other name. Good humor foreshadows a serenity in old age for the world has ever made way for the good-humored man, old or young. Knotty questions are solved and misunderstandings cleared away and more advertising business is created by a good-humored smile than by the most brilliant but sarcastic cynic, who sits in the scorner’s seat.

Ofentimes I think that all the world needs is good humor to leaven the loaf of kindness and solve the vexatious problems that bring wrinkles, gray hairs and premature old age drifting to the scrap heap. No one has ever complained of an overplus of *good feeling or feeling good*, which is approximately the same thing. Good humor implies good health, and to some extent good principles, and everything else of a superlative nature.

An important objective in all advertising is good humor. It is the condition most effective in bringing results. When the discussion or conference is closed with a cheery “All right” all around, there is a relaxation following that suggests inward as well as outward smiles. Although not a scientist or psychologist, I am convinced that there is an inward smile, a sort of a subconscious good-humor, not always indicated in smirks, grins or outward expression, that lubricates the entire nervous system and dissolves troubles, imaginary and otherwise. Moreover, I feel that good humor can be cultivated, just as you can cultivate and control an appetite. You can deny yourself an impulse towards bitterness like forbidden food and follow a wholesome diet of thought, building up good nature and reducing temper. I would rather be known as the “apostle of good nature” than to serve as an honorary pallbearer at a celebrity’s funeral, that might flash my picture in the movie news reel or in the Sunday paper photographs. I have mingled with people in 42 countries in my young life, and the more I travel the more I am convinced that good humor is the real sunlight in human relations. It illuminates a better understanding of ourselves and others, especially when we do not take ourselves and our opinions too darn seriously, and appreciate that, fundamentally, the dominating desire of every human-being is to do good and to feel good, to be called good and to have something good to eat,

and to work, worship and play with good fellows. This is an objective back of the struggles in life. Then why not recognize good humor and optimism as an essential part of common sense as exemplified in the examples of Lincoln and Lindbergh.



In the eventful May time of 1927, the admiration of the world was won by a young American's modest smile when he landed in the open arms of France. Later he was received by the grave and staid statesmen, to say nothing of kings, queens and aces, and held a full hand—you see I understand the national game. On Col. Charles A. Lindbergh were bestowed honors that no other mortal has ever received in the same length of time. An ambassador of good humor, he advertised the Spirit of American Youth, dauntless and daring, firm

in the faith of his own natural buoyant sense of modesty in a way that instantly won the heart of the world. When I stood with him before the old tumble-down hangar at Curtis Field, in the grime of oil and work-bench, I beheld an optimist supreme and I did not know it. All alone, like the Ancient Mariner, he was determined to make his epochal voyage through space.

Humor is the twin sister of enduring sentiment. The aeroplane, the radio and X-ray have done much to eliminate the old-time camouflage dignity with which the professions and businesses were wont to cover themselves in the hopes of adding to their stature of impressiveness, but when I saw the high hats of the diplomatic corps in Washington, including those of the President and his Cabinet, to say nothing of the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, sailing in the air like college boys' caps, all straining their eyes and swept in the pushing throng, for a glimpse of the good-natured smile of the young conquering Optimist of the air, I will confess that I longed for a good standing among the Optimists on earth. A characteristic of American crowds, according to foreign observers, is its good nature. You have seen the man with new-creased trousers, on his knees in the dust, trying to rescue the penny the little girl dropped in the floor. You have watched the baseball bleachers; you have heard of Jim Corbett's smile and the smile that wins in the prize ring; you are attracted to the preacher who can smile now and then and gives you hope, even while he discusses a doctrine emitting hell-fire and brimstone. The advertising man that you like or the industrial leader you admire is the one who has a gleam of humor. Charles Schwab, considered the premier salesman of America, who has sold a million dollars' worth of steel before breakfast, has insisted that he would rather lose all his wealth and fame rather than the capacity to smile and feel the refreshing, bubbling sense of humor as he views the passing show.

The Genesis of good humor, the first and unending quality of an optimist, is the sweet smile of a babe, that seems like the very breath of Heaven; the sequel is the smile of serene old age peering into the Gates Ajar. Sunshine is the smile of the loving Creator, and the source of all life and growth, and good humor is sunshine. Then why should a hardened old optimist like myself, who can even see without magic television a picture of beauty in the hole of a doughnut, remain silent when there

is an opportunity to make open as well as advertising confession to the world that he would rather bring a mede of good humor and its hope to his fellowmen than all the erudition of the sages. Every invention that has been made, every step of progress recorded in the annals of civilization, is the direct result of unflagging optimism. Was it not the late J. Pierpont Morgan who insisted that no man could ever hope to win a fortune without he was first and last an irredeemable optimist—a bull—as to himself and his country's future?

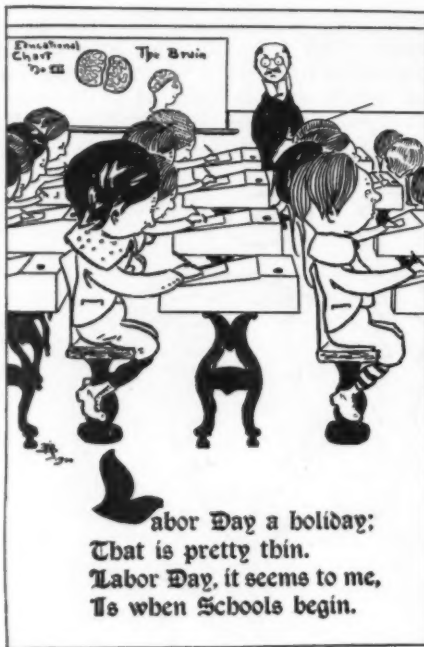
Indissolubly associated with optimism is cheerfulness, the supreme objective of every home and fireside. One thing most sought in business and industrial relations is a cheeriness that wards off the grouch and the gloom that too often follows in the routine of a workaday world. That is why we build homes and buy automobiles. It is the unfailing remedy that supplements the triumphs of medical science in treating the sick, the halt, and the blind—to make dark days endurable and sunny days enduring.

Hon. James M. Beck, former Solicitor General of the United States, who has tried more cases in the Supreme Court than any other one lawyer, relates that 80% of all the litigation in the country was caused by temper—the temper that reveals a lack of the sense of humor. An Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States told me that his work was to find the point of agreement in every case which might be called the “good humor point.” Then the divergences caused by temper were followed until finally they cooled off, subsided, returning to the point of good humor and agreement, on which a just decision could be made.

A large proportion of the accidents are occasioned by a lack of good humor, where somebody lost his balance and good humor, not only with himself, but perhaps with his machine and wanted to get the best of the other fellow, who may have sneered at him in passing. P. T. Barnum said that life was like a circus procession and the best way to get on was to join the procession and watch for a better place ahead, but as Andrew Carnegie used to insist: “Always keep your eye on the fellow right in front of you and not try to head the procession and climb on the bandwagon or pass the reviewing stand out of place.” The executives usually made way for the efficient man with a smile. It is an important thing to have enemies; no one ever does anything without enemies. When we go along with people who always agree with us and coddle us, we become “Custard pies.” It takes a little roughage in the menu of life activities as well as in a diet to make strong minds and muscle.

In a modest corner of my office I found a certificate dated 1914, thirteen years ago, from the Optimists' Association of the World, declaring to the members of the craft that Joe Mitchell Chapple was a Worthy Optimist, fully entitled to be received with all the consideration due thereto. “As a member of this worthy and ancient institution he has fully met all the tests required of him and in recognition

thereof he is duly enrolled as a member of the Optimists Association of the World.” This is duly signed by an official calling himself “Optimist in Chief.” I have no recollection of ever having paid any dues or being initiated. I may have sent in a check. How and why I received this certificate, I do not know, but perhaps it has been the subconscious knowledge of the presence of this modest certificate among the cartoons and honorary degrees from colleges written in Latin, which I cannot read, that



has helped me to maintain a spirit of optimism while riding over rough shoals. One young man entered my office overlooking all my distinguished degrees on the wall, and tributes from presidents, kings and emperors as he focused his optics on the little 9 x 6 optimist card, jovially remarking that I was known as a good-natured man. Then he proceeded to sell me life insurance.

While we optimists are more or less modest, shrinking violets, we know that the word comes from the Latin *optimus*, which means the *best*. Who would not be good-natured and good-humored, if he was conscious that he was doing his best and thrown among the clan of optimists or the good-humored hopefuls who are in great majority in advertising circles. Advertising men are instinctively optimists, because they are always dealing with the unknown quantity, where X must equal Y and Y equal business—if not, “Y”, the question that follows submitting the expense account.

Sometimes, I like anything that begins with the letter O; it makes you open your mouth and feel sort of rotund. Every proposition in life is a circle—the problem is to complete the circle outlined in your objectives and plans. Einstein's theory of Relativity of Matter decrees that there is no such thing as a straight line, so if you wobble now and then you can have the consolation that there is always a way out of trouble if there is a way into trouble.

Vagrant thoughts and confessions for optimistic honors are encouraged when I see a crowd gathered about watching men working on a building or intently gazing upon the bevy of beauty called Ziegfeld girls. The optic of the optimist is usually focused in the direction of the girl that smiles. You show your teeth in a snarl as well as in a smile, but the difference is in the look of the eyes. The eyes are the windows of the soul, and if all is right within, it is likely to be right without. As Balzac says “What we put in the soil comes out of the soil,” whether it be planting potatoes, cultivating orchids, or sowing seeds for a big advertising account.

We are more or less architects of our own fortunes. Some build skyscrapers and others build bungalows—and make a bungle of it. Many incline to the garish and the flashy; others to the sedate and classic.

The world is on the threshold of a new era, as it has begun to understand the outstanding trait of our own American good humor. The optimism of a Columbus, of a Washington and Lincoln has been justified. Optimism is the glorified faith expressed in the business genius of the age, which has risen to heights of power surpassing that of kings and potentates, because it is serving the people. The workmen of America are making the products bought and used by the other workmen of America and not for the chosen few. Radio has brought the people closer together, and travels 186,000 miles a second—ten times around the world while you snap your finger; aeroplanes have annihilated time and distance, and the infinitude of the skies is being explored for new channels of communication. One hundred years ago John T. Trowbridge, the author of “Darius Green and his flying machine” was born. The optimism of the young Wright brothers on the sand dunes at Kittyhawk in North Carolina demonstrated that a heavier than air machine was possible—although the flight only covered a space of a few hundred feet. Even in that crash, there was a triumphant bugle call of optimism to explore the upper realms of space that impelled the young American inventors to press forward and give the world a new method of transportation.

After mingling with the people in the four quarters of the earth, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, in darkest Africa, to the light of Asia, in nearly every country in Europe, I must confess that the one thing I sought and missed in nearly every other land than my own country was that omnipresent, all-pervading, enthusiastic, cheery optimism that found its early expression even on saddened faces under the swinging lantern on the Mayflower. It is flashed in letters of burning fire by night on the White Ways of America and in vivid print and color by day, aye, every hour of the day or night. Advertising is a supreme source of intelligence and observation, that has diffused the benefits of modern life for all the people all the time. It has given the cottage all the comforts of the castle and has placed the knowledge and wisdom of the savants within the reach of the masses. America is a land of golden opportunity, because the sunlight of optimism and good humor never sets within her borders.

New Jersey's "Big Little Man"

How Senator Morgan F. Larson, Engineer-Statesman, as President of the New Jersey Senate checked the last minute rush on appropriations—His service to the public in protecting the water supply shed and shores of his native state—Small of stature but a giant for achievement

IN WASHINGTON as well as throughout the several states, it has become the practice of legislators to introduce appropriation bills during the closing hours of the session. Although other reasons are generally advanced for holding them back until the last minute, the suspicion prevails that they can be jammed through easier at a time when in the rush of business there is little or no opportunity to scrutinize them. Reporting a state appropriation bill involving the expenditure of anywhere from five to fifty million dollars on the last day of the legislative session, when there is not even time to read it carefully, offers a great opportunity for extravagance and the misappropriation of public funds. And, to be more specific, that's what actually happened in New Jersey in 1925, when the appropriation committee of the state legislature reported and passed an appropriation bill of \$22,000,000, two million more than the State Budget Commission had recommended, in the final hours of their annual parliamentary conclave—a scandal as one of the most influential and conservative editors of the commonwealth termed it.

As a result, when State Senator Morgan F. Larson, of Middlesex County, became the President of the New Jersey Senate in 1926 he announced among other reforms in procedure that the annual appropriation bill would have to be reported at least ten days before the final adjournment of the legislature and that he would refuse to even entertain a motion to fix the date for adjournment until the bill was reported. And he did such a good job of living up to his word that the leader of the opposition party offered the following resolution, unanimously adopted, at the close of the session:

"Resolved, that this session of the Senate of New Jersey records herewith its approval of the action of the Honorable Morgan F. Larson in the service rendered to the people of this state when as President of the Senate at the beginning of the session he declared that the annual appropriation bill be prepared and submitted to public scrutiny ten days before final action.

"By this action, the appropriation bill was under discussion and public scrutiny a sufficient time to allow all interested to understand the bill, and those desiring to make public their views had the opportunity, and those who wished to be heard were heard.

"The expenditure of millions was prevented to be subject to close examination.

"For this service, we believe the President of the Senate should receive the gratitude of all the people of the State."

With something like \$8,000,000,000 appropriated annually in the United States for

By WILLIAM B. BRIGHT

state, county, and municipal taxes, usually with such haste as described in the beginning, interest is aroused in the man in whose honor the above resolution was prepared and unanimously adopted. Already



State Senator Morgan F. Larson of New Jersey

referred to as the "Big Little Man" in the Garden State, Senator Larson now looms as a national figure, because this and other measures of government he advocates have more than local appeal.

For instance, he holds that all potable water belongs to the state, and should be conserved for the people of the state. Looking ahead, the New Jersey Senator foresees trouble if these natural water resources are not taken in hand by the various state governments and conserved. Take his own state, as an illustration in point. In the northern part, in the great New York metropolitan area, there are already 300,000 commuters to Manhattan Island, and with the building of bridges and tunnels over and under the Hudson river and the Staten Island Sound that number will soon increase

to a million, which he claims calls for action in the way of water control and conservation.

There are small streams and rivers that rise in the Catskills and flow through northern New Jersey where most of the aforesaid 300,000 New York City commuters and their families live, forming some of the finest suburban communities in the United States. There are the Hudson river, the Staten Island Sound, and the Delaware river, separating New Jersey from other states, the control of which waters is divided. And with the population of New Jersey increasing so fast, while the potable water supply remains the same, Senator Larson feels that no time should be lost in putting through conservation measures the same as it was necessary to conserve the public's money by having appropriation bills introduced long enough before passing them to give people time to see what they are all for.

Moreover, there is the problem of New York City's garbage dumped in the ocean which pollutes New Jersey's bathing beaches. With millions of dollars invested in resort property in Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and lesser seaside cities all the way from the Atlantic Highlands down to Cape May, interstate treaties that will protect the Garden State from nuisances of that sort which injure its residents or visitors become paramount issues. As a place for metropolitan workers to build their homes and as a summer resort for hundreds of thousands, the question of abundant potable water and clean bathing beaches, according to Senator Larson, should come ahead of anything else just now.

These are both topics of more than local interest in New Jersey. The same issues have to be met elsewhere. But they are not the only ones that have thrown the spotlight on Senator Larson, because he has tackled them in a bold and practical way. As President of the Senate, he wielded the gavel in a way that will be remembered for years to come, in praise of which the same Alexander Simpson mentioned before offered another resolution. In previous sessions of late years, as is the case in many state legislatures, the rules of the Senate were so weakly enforced that the chamber had lost most of its dignity. Thus the following resolution:

"Mr. President, you have been fair. Every member of this body has been impressed by the efficient manner in which you have presided, insisting upon strict parliamentary procedure, yet in such a way that you have

won our friendship. During your administration there has been no intrigue—no bills have been mysteriously 'lost' upon your desk, or buried in the recesses of your safe; no bills have been purposely sent to certain committees in order that they might be 'strangled' and never see the light of day. You have shown the courtesy of putting upon the calendar the bills called for by the senators, and we appreciate your kindness, your tact, and your courtesy, and we ask you to take with you as a memento of these

legislatures everywhere should reduce the output of laws if they want to keep down the \$8,000,000,000 in yearly appropriations for state, county, and municipal purposes. In other words we should stop the making of laws except those needed to meet new conditions which arise or those designed to remedy defects in old ones. At present, so many laws are being enacted each year that it only creates confusion and disrespect for all legislation. And if he becomes governor of the state in 1928, as many think he will,

Attending the Perth Amboy schools, Senator Larson got the degree of bachelor of science later after five years of night study at Cooper Union University, New York City. After working all day in a law office in Perth Amboy, N. J., he traveled 30 miles to New York City and back every night to attend classes there five days a week, which he looks back upon now as the biggest undertaking he ever carried through. He got his B.C. degree in 1907, immediately establishing himself as an engineer in his native



Mrs. Morgan F. Larson (nee Jennie Brogger), wife of Senator Larson, who has been his right-hand adviser and confidant in both political and business matters



THE HOME OF SENATOR LARSON AT PERTH AMBOY, N. J.



Mrs. Peter Larson (nee Regina Knudson) as she appears in her eightieth year, to whom with his wife, Senator Larson gives much credit for his success in life

happy associations, this gavel, which may be symbolic of what you may some day wield in the Halls of the Senate at Washington."

Again, in putting a \$160,000,000 road-building bill through the New Jersey legislature, we see the hand of a far-sighted statesman in Senator Larson, from whom others in the United States may get example and courage. As an engineer, he outlined the state routes and laid out a six-year road-building program to the satisfaction of all concerned. Regarding this public project, in a recent statement to the writer, he said:

"Although these roads are being constructed in New Jersey, they have national significance. Our state is the neck of the bottle through which much vehicular traffic passes between New York and New England and the West and South. We realize that this traffic is going to increase. Thus in order to facilitate the movement of people and goods, we are providing great state highways. Off hand, it may look as if we were going to great expense to facilitate interstate motor travel, but it has its compensation in the increased local business resulting, while at the same time improving travel conditions for our own residents. As you know, good roads reduce the cost of transportation, which is ultimately reflected in the lowering of prices for commodities, to say nothing of the saving to individual motorists in wear and tear on their cars and in the consumption of gasoline."

Commenting further on his views, I gathered that he favors a closer watch on expenditures of the various state institutions, while on the whole he believes that state

he plans to put his advanced views as outlined above into practice.

In the way of a background, Senator Larson has come up from humble beginnings, as the son of a village blacksmith in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, who bequeathed him little except the Viking blood of their Danish ancestors. Thus the romance of American political history is again typified in the rise of this "Big Little Man," as he is now popularly called, who, though but a few years ago carrying the surveyor's chain, is today one of the spokesmen of his party and the one favored by the stars in the political firmament for the office of Governor a year hence. He is a candidate for the Senate again now.

About five-feet-six and weighing about 150 pounds, Larson is not a large man, which explains why they call him the "Big Little Man." He is big intellectually but not physically. But every ounce of him vibrates with energy. Although he appears to have a stern countenance, it is due to the seriousness of his purpose rather than to a lack of good humor. In his casual intercourse with people, he is always friendly and approachable, while on the platform or presiding in the Senate he disarms opposition with a very subtle wit. And as a public speaker he is considered one of the most ready men in the state, invariably speaking extemporaneously. He has a fine library on government and politics and has read nearly all great works on the subject back to the time of the Egyptian Pharaohs, even though he is an engineer by profession and ranks high in that line of work. He has also studied law.

city, receiving the appointment of county engineer the same year. In 1911 he received his degree of civil engineer. He has been county engineer of Middlesex county several times and he has also been city engineer of Perth Amboy in different administrations. He is now serving his second term as State Senator. Three years ago he was elected the majority whip of the Senate, holding the floor in a manner that challenged the attention of his colleagues, making him both feared and respected by his political opponents in the upper body. Two years ago he became the majority leader, while last year he was the unanimous choice of both the Democratic and Republican members of the Senate for the office of President, both parties supporting him, an honor never before accorded to a presiding officer of the chamber.

Senator Larson is the owner of the engineering firm of Larson & Fox, at Perth Amboy, N. J., consulting engineers. Acting as president in various commercial enterprises, his interests and personal accomplishments are so extensive and so varied that one local editor said of him that he is a lawyer by training, an engineer by profession, a businessman by instinct, and a statesman by the choice of his friends.

Senator Larson gives a great deal of credit to his mother, who in her eightieth year still retains a keen interest in the activities of her son who resembles her a great deal. His wife has also been one of his most intimate advisers in every step of his public life. As a consequence, he believes that women should be encouraged to take a greater interest in politics. The

Continued on page 41

Telephotography a Business Necessity

Wide scope of the marvelous results obtained in transmitting photographic reproduction of pictures, designs, legal documents, style patterns and fashions in portrait form—Exactness of letters and formality of communication preserved in its flash with the speed of light

AS I looked upon a demonstration of Telephotography and heard W. E. Harkness tell the story for the first time, it seemed as if I was having a peep into another world. Could this photograph flashed across the continent at the speed of light itself be real? Or was it a figment of some dream that brings distant planets playing hide and seek within the shadows of Mother Earth and the beaming Sun? Here it was in outline and detail just as the lens had caught it through the magic of solar rays—when the camera was focused followed by the eclipse of the shutter, indicated by a tiny click.

In a large theatre Mr. Harkness was showing motion pictures and slides indicating the process and flashing pictures that had already traveled across the earth with the speed of light, 186,000 miles an hour.

All this was marvelous, but the impressive aspect was the revelation of how, in the brief time since the first rather crude results of telephotography, it has become one of the necessities in the whirl of practical business and industrial life, although at first regarded as a scientific toy, such as the telephone was declared when first exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 and now a universal necessity.

Transmission of pictures by wire has been considered for many years, and the essential requirements for such transmis-

sions have been known for some time, but it has been possible only in the past two years to transmit pictures satisfactorily over long distances. This success is due to the newer developments in the communicative art such as the photo-electric cell, vacuum tube amplifiers, electrical filters, carrier currents, and the perfec-

newspapers would be the chief users of the service. Within the past twelve months it has been demonstrated that, while Telephotographs do play a constantly increasing part in the distribution of news pictures throughout the country, the many other uses of the system among industries in general will be the largest field of activity, and



Pictures of new style hats flashed in a few hours across the continent and printed in newspapers on the same day the style was announced

tion of methods all of which now enable us to obtain results of such quality in telephotography that they are scarcely distinguishable from the original picture.

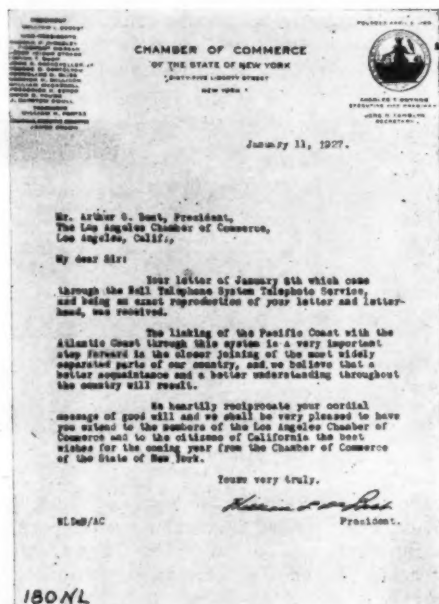
* * *

In his talk on the subject Mr. Harkness pointed out that early experiments leading up to the development of the present system employed various characters or marks to reproduce the picture at the distant end of the circuit. One method was the use of letters and symbols so arranged as to produce varying degrees of light and shade. Another method was the use of a line of varying width and constant density. By the present method, lines of constant width but of varying density are produced and the results closely approach the original photograph in light and shade. All this Mr. Harkness related as simply as if he were telling us that two and two equalled four. Newspapers throughout the country have used Telephotographs quite extensively as news pictures. These reproductions often are very poor in quality and give the public a wrong impression of the actual quality and reproduction possibilities of Telephotographs. The poor results obtained are apparently due to excessive enlargement of pictures after their transmission, in addition to the use of a coarse screen and high speed printing on a poor quality of paper.

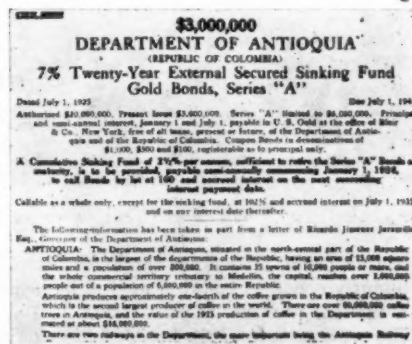
At first it was generally predicted that

even now news pictures form only about one-third of the total traffic. Although it is believed that they will increase in number, ultimately they will still remain a small percentage of the total traffic handled.

Many emergency uses of telephotographs suggest themselves, but the problem is to find where they can be applied to advantage and with economy of time or money in the day-to-day conduct of various branches of industry, but in the brief time which this service has been available some very definite uses have been established. In his discussion Mr. Harkness stated to an interested group, that the financial field telephotographs have taken a definite place in



A letter in facsimile wired by the President of the Chamber of Commerce, New York City, to the similar organization in Los Angeles, California



Advertisements of bonds of foreign nations wired out in an hour received by newspapers covering a range of 3,000 miles

the transmission of financial advertising matter such as bond advertisements and financial circulars. The advantages of telephotographs over other means of transmission are the accuracy and speed with which copy and instructions to the printers are secured, particularly when copy is sent to a



Telephotograph Susanne Lenglen and Red Grange in middle of group

large number of publications. In addition, such multiple distribution can be done by telephotograph more economically than by other methods of wire transmission.

Information relative to the formation of syndicates for the sale of securities also is being sent by telephotograph. It is possible to transmit this information from typewritten copy which permits of approximately seven hundred and fifty words per letter sized sheet, and accuracy and speed are assured.

Publicity accompanying financial advertising is also transmitted by telephotograph and a larger distribution to newspapers secured at a low cost by arrangement with multigraph companies located at the same points as the telephotograph stations through which copy may be sent to selected newspapers in the surrounding territories.

The transmission by telephotograph of financial statements, balance sheets and statistics is developing into a regular part of the business. By this means organizations with widely scattered plants or branch offices are brought within a few hours of each other and the managements are able to have the latest data quickly presented in



Telephotograph of interior view

tabulated form, free from the errors which frequently occur in copying such data when transmitted by other means.

The new process has invaded the cloistered precincts of science. The advantages of transmitting mathematical or chemical formulae by means of telephotographs are

apparent. At present there is no other way to accurately and quickly transmit these complicated groupings except by mail.

Flashing the designs of latest fashions in clothing and dress accessories is becoming a necessity. It is possible to transmit sketches or photographs of the material or finished product with such a degree of detail that illustrations of the highest grade may be produced directly from the telephotograph without retouching.

To demonstrate the use of telephotographs for this purpose, photographs of models wearing the latest styles in hats, as exhibited at the recent Style Show of the Retail Millinery Association in New York were transmitted to the eight cities and presented in the principal newspapers in these cities within a few hours. These transmissions created great interest and received a large amount of publicity. An interesting phase of this experiment developed. For a number of years there has been a decided slump in the demand for artificial flowers for hat decoration. In 1927, much to the surprise of the trade, calls for flowers suddenly developed from all over the country. This demand was attributed to the publicity given by the newspapers to pictures of two



Telephotograph of eye enlarged 16 times to show structure

flowered hats which were transmitted along with twelve other hat pictures in a fashion flash. At least forty newspapers used the hat pictures and many used the text and captions, and millions of American women knew within a few hours what flowers were the fad for new spring hats.

The cry of haste in these times, is speed and then more speed, suggesting fleet-footed Mercury at his best. Telephotography is now used in the leather trade and allied industries. At a meeting of the Committee of the Industry in New York, leather colors were chosen for the fall of 1927. A prominent leather manufacturer interpreted these colors in shoes of the latest styles and pictures of the shoes were sent out on the day the colors were released. Eight shoe pictures with appropriate captions, a suitable cover, and an explanatory message were bound with ribbon and distributed among one hundred and fifty leading manufacturers and retailers throughout the country within a few hours. Prints also were sent to the newspapers and the publicity that followed, fresh and crisp, created, opened the new season with a rush. The booklet indicated to buyers the possibility of receiving illustrations of styles quickly and in a form suitable for immediate use. Com-

pared with written description only the advantages are obvious and as a result of this experiment manufacturers of shoes are now using telephotographs for the transmission of advance styles.

Telephotographs have been used in a number of cases to promote sales by special ad-



Telephotograph of scenic view

vertising and have produced very satisfactory results. One department store reported that over fifty per cent of the sales in their Dress Department in a one-day sale were of the styles which had been given advance publicity by telephotographs from New York. Department stores throughout the country have been transmitting style pictures which were used not only in their newspaper advertising, but in the development of window displays. The usual delay between the time the buyer selects styles in New York and the time the designs reach his store is eliminated by telephotograph. The designs are transmitted immediately and advertising copy and window displays are prepared before the arrival of the material. The new process has speeded up the introduction of new styles at a more rapid rate than is possible through fashion magazines, which accounts for American women being the best gowned in the world.

Telephotographs were used for the transmission of documents concerned in litigation in a recent important trust case. The case in question was heard in Boston. A telephotograph of a contract sent from Chi-



Telephotograph of baseball game

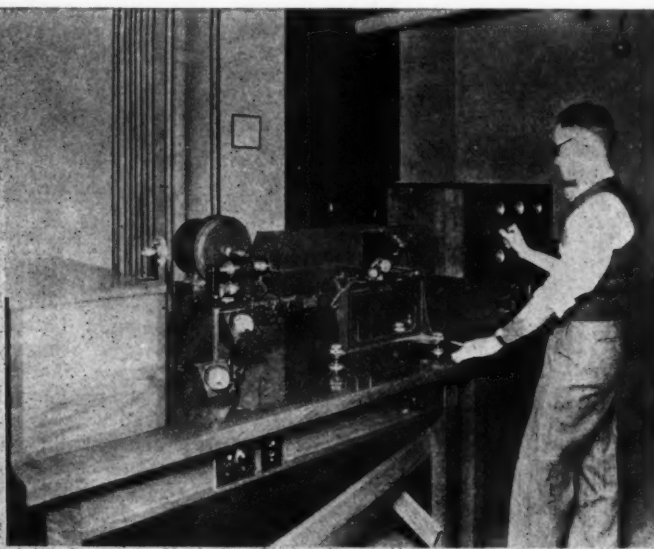
cago was accepted as legal evidence in court and resulted in vacating a temporary injunction and a hold-over for another hearing before a permanent injunction could be granted. Every minute and detail counts in hard-fought legal cases in the higher courts, involving millions.

During the month of April this year a

Receiving Equipment



Transmitting Equipment



W. E. Harkness, manager of Auxiliary Services,
Long Lines, A. T. & T. Co.



This is the picture of the flower hat that created the
sudden demand for flower trimming



Style picture transmitted from New York to
Western Department Stores

large underwriting house in New York City was in the process of underwriting a new issue. To complete the transaction it was necessary that thirteen previous issues be legally retired. This necessitated the appearance of an advertisement in certain newspapers scattered thousands of miles apart for a given period of time to announce the fact that these issues were about to be retired.

* * *

The day for the completion of the negotiations was at hand. Bankers, lawyers and financiers were in conference at a New York bank, the trustee of the new issue. The telephotograph copy of affidavits from the newspaper proprietors certifying that the advertisements of the retiring of the issues had appeared as required, was accepted as complete evidence.

In the check-up it was discovered that no affidavit was at hand from a large newspaper in Chicago. Copies of this newspaper showing the advertisement with the dates of publication were in the office, but the lawyers for the trustee of the bonds being called were not satisfied of the fact that this advertisement had appeared in all issues. The underwriters were in a quandary. If the affidavit was not received by five o'clock a postponement of the issue for sixty days would be necessary and the negotiations would have to be repeated. To obtain the affidavit from the publisher before the close of the meeting seemed impossible.

Someone suggested telephotographs. Immediately the Chicago publisher was reached on the long distance telephone and requested to make the required affidavit. This was rushed to the telephotographic

office in Chicago, photographed and transmitted to New York, where it was brought before the meeting in accordance with legal requirements and the deal was concluded in a tight legal manner, annihilating the distance of 1000 miles as a barrier for immediate satisfactory action for all concerned.

What would have been the financial loss, not to mention time and worry had telephotographs not been available?

* * *

During the Christmas holidays posters were displayed in the studios of the principal photographers in the cities served, and the actual greeting cards were exchanged across the continent in a few hours. This was a touch of real sentiment introduced into the realm of business that was impressive.

In the transmission of motion picture

film telephotographs already actually touch the life of millions. The producers of news reels are desirous of transmitting sections of film from distant points and make possible the appearance of spot news pictures of events in widely separated cities on the day of occurrence, which is not beyond the range of possibilities in the near future.

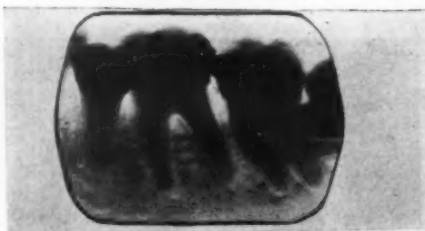
Now comes one of the most modern of inventions entering the realm of language



Style by Telephotograph

and communications still used by the most ancient of peoples.

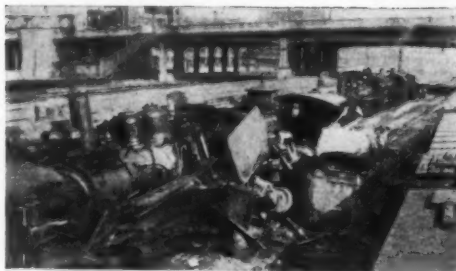
The use of telephotographs for the transmission of messages in foreign languages which employ characters instead of letters such as Chinese or Japanese, has proved a practical success. Such messages cannot be transmitted by wire or any other rapid method unless translated into English or in the form of speech. In such cases or



Picture of teeth, roots and all, are revealed in Telephotography

where code is employed, telephotographs possess marked advantages, particularly accuracy, over other methods of rapid transmission for the actual characters were given.

The advantages of sending a fac-simile of an intricate drawing with dimensions are too evident. Mechanical and architectural drawings have been transmitted with complete success. In one case the drawing of a rudder part of a disabled ship was transmitted to headquarters at New York and permitted replacement parts to be cast immediately, whereas the use of the regular mail would have caused a delay of several days or weeks. Eventually this process will be used extensively for the transmission of mechanical drawings and sketches to say nothing of maps and similar illustrative material. Fire insurance companies could use telephotograph transmissions to advantage in sending building plans and plant layouts to the home office for approval



Telephotograph of train wreck

where immediate coverage is necessary for emergencies.

Like all other new services, it must be brought to the attention of the users so that the service will become automatic in its proper sphere, in the same way as the mail, telegraph and telephone. To realize that a picture or written matter in all its detail of light and shade can be reproduced and delivered across the continent in an hour, is a tribute to scientific research. A few years ago the acceptance of this thought



Afternoon frocks by Telephotograph

as fact would have strained to the breaking point the credulity of the most optimistic scientist. Today the near miracle is rapidly becoming another everyday necessity of our day and age and simply speeds up the transaction of business and the process of human communication and inter-communication with all the nations of the earth. Perhaps some day human activities will move with the actual speed and rapidity with which the merry old globe revolves on its axis.



Electrically transmitted fingerprint

Transmission
of autograph
material —
First section of
Japanese-American
treaty of 1853

第一ヶ条
日本と合衆國と其人民永世不
朽の親善を結ぶ事
を期す事

A Pageant Presenting the Romance of the "Iron Horse"

An exhibition to be held in Baltimore when the original historic locomotives of Europe and America are shown still under steam pulling trains with the monster mallet railroad engines that represent the last word in rail equipment

A LITTLE more than one hundred years ago—in February, 1827—there gathered in the home of one George Brown of Baltimore a group of earnest citizens. They had come together with a common problem to discuss. Merchants, manufacturers and bankers they were. Their city had been the gateway to the west for a century and a half. Gay old stage coaches ran between the Fountain Inn, Indian Queen Tavern and other famous stopping places in Baltimore and vicinity up into the mountainous country of Western Maryland, thence into West Virginia and into Ohio, which then was considered the far west. The tavern had become the hub of social life, and the stage coach the highest development in transportation. And now, in 1827, Washington, the city that lay nearest to Baltimore, had turned to the canal as a means of transportation, had already begun to build the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and threatened to ruin the trade of Baltimore—unintentionally, perhaps, but effectively nevertheless. What was to be done? This was the question that must be settled at the home of Banker George Brown on that memorable evening.

Among this gathering were men whose names have come down to the generation of today as famous men in the history of Baltimore, but the guiding spirit of the meeting was a gentle old Quaker, Philip Thomas, whose brother Evan had brought to America the news that in England there were roads of rail being built. When every possible means of transportation known at that time had been discussed, Thomas laid the plan of a railroad before his neighbors. They concluded that if such a plan could succeed in England it also could be made to work in America. Accordingly, they laid their plans, asked for a charter and began to sell stock in the new railroad which they named the Baltimore and Ohio, because they had decided not to cease their efforts in the building of such a road until they should reach the banks of the Ohio river. The charter was granted almost immediately, and it is interesting to note that this same charter was so well written and so inclusive of railroad needs that it has been used as the model for many railroad charters that have been drawn up since that day.

Beginning on September 24 and continuing until October 8, there will be celebrated at Baltimore, Maryland, the one hundredth anniversary of America's first railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio. This celebration is known as the "Fair of the Iron Horse."

On July 4, 1828, the first stone of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was laid. A

grand parade took place, citizens of Baltimore in every walk of life participating. The ground was broken by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, then 91 years old and the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Work was begun at once and soon the old horse cars were doing a rushing business between the cities of Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills (now Ellicott City), Maryland.

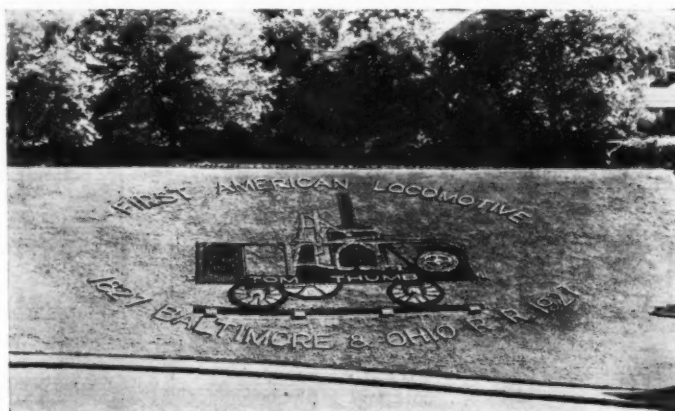
Two years later, in August, 1830, came one Peter Cooper with a locomotive which he had built and which he named the "Tom Thumb."

History gives an interesting account of a race between this engine and the horse. Much to the delight of many onlookers, the engine broke down and the horse won the race. But the experiment had demonstrated to the owners of the railroad that steam would soon replace the horse, for Cooper was able to make his engine go at a speed of 18 miles an hour on level ground. Shortly thereafter, the railroad offered a prize for the best locomotive—the most practical locomotive—that could be built. A half dozen were entered in the contest. The "York", built by Phineas Davis, of York, Pa., won the prize. It was put into service immediately. Then followed the "Atlantic," the first of the Grasshopper type, which holds a service record of sixty years. In quick succession came other models. Baltimore's trade had been restored. The railroad was a success.

In the years that have followed the developments in steam locomotion on the Baltimore and Ohio, and on other railroads as well, have been tremendous. The little old "Tom Thumb" when placed beside one of the great mallet monsters of today, such as the "Lord Baltimore" or the "Philip E. Thomas," looks like a chicken coop beside a mansion. And yet, from the little exper-

imental engine came the principle on which all of these developments of the present day are based.

Because of the importance of these early days in the history of transportation—and the progress of a country follows on the heels of the growth of its transportation facilities—the management of the Baltimore and Ohio thought it incumbent upon



Flower bed on the lawn at Mount Royal Station, Baltimore

them to preserve these records of the history of America's first railroad and to present them during this year, the one hundredth anniversary, at this magnificent celebration, "The Fair of the Iron Horse."

Venerable and dignified with the pride of a retired veteran who has seen long years of service, the famous "DeWitt Clinton" locomotive, the first iron horse to puff its way in the state of New York, has arrived in Baltimore and is patiently awaiting the day when it will take a prominent place in the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant.

The old engine, with its curious train of antique-looking carriages, is reposing in temporary obscurity awaiting the curtain call.

The "DeWitt Clinton" train was one of the first to carry passengers in the New World—the third locomotive built in the United States for actual service. It was in 1831, at a time when the iron horse was a gawky, puffing, preposterous affair, that this old engine successfully wheezed its way over the seventeen miles between Schenectady and Albany, amazing those who witnessed this new spectacular triumph of man's ingenuity. It was the central feature in the centennial exposition of the New York Central Railroad last year.

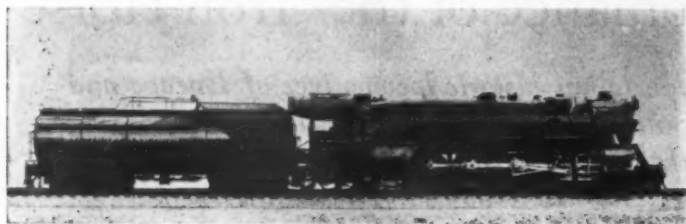
The oldtimer is but a short step removed from the once-popular post coach which used to rattle over the national turnpike on fixed schedules. It was planned by John B.

Jervis, chief engineer of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, and was built by Dave Matthews, who was also its first engineer.

been overlooked. Combined with the historical significance of the Exposition there will be the gaily decorated floats, music of

steam from Hero's "Aeolipile" of 150 B. C. to the latest of modern locomotives, including not only those of the Baltimore and Ohio, but a number of those of their contemporaries.

The "King George V", a monster English passenger engine, accompanied by England's historic and diminutive "North Star" of 1837 will be among the exhibits. The "William Crooks", first engine of the Great Northern Railway, will find itself face to face with the New York Central's "DeWitt Clinton," the Pennsylvania's "John Bull" and engines from the Canadian railroads; the old "General," Civil War engine of the old Western Atlantic Railroad will come from Chattanooga; models ancient and modern will "rub noses." And those who fol-



The "DeWitt Clinton", with its long upturned nose of a smoke-stack sticking high in the air, large, queer-looking wheels, and

bands, glee clubs, and the tom-toms of the Indian. Poetry will find its place in the words of the great pageant that will take

Modern passenger locomotive of recent build, used to pull the big "Limiteds." One of the largest steam locomotives in the world. This engine will appear in the climax in the pageant at the Fair of the Iron Horse

Hail! The Baltimore and Ohio

A D F B
D Trialing

By WALTER GOODWIN
"That Wonderful Mother Of Mine"
and
MARGARET T. STEVENS

Marcia

CHORUS

Hail! the Bal-ti-more and O-hi-o 'Tis the
road of ser-vice fine Hail the men whose
toll has made it A might-y trans-per-ta-tina

Hail The Baltimore and Ohio - 3

line For a hun-dred years it has served us
It's spir-it ne'er can fall Hail the
Bal-ti-more and O-hi-o She's the queen of
the rail. Hail the rail.

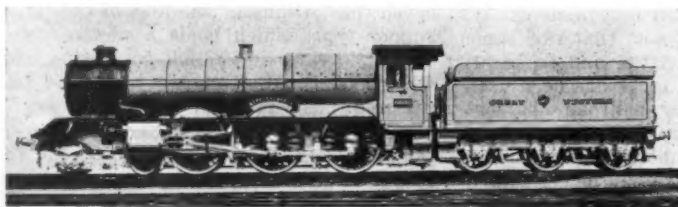
Copyright 1927 by The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Co., Baltimore, Md.

quaint set of remodeled stage coach carriages, forms a striking contrast when compared with a modern locomotive and train. Its maximum speed is fifteen miles an hour, which in its day was considered breathtaking. Its weight is 12,000 pounds, or less than the weight of one pair of wheels of the largest present-day type of engine. Its stumpy, old-fashioned ungainly appearance sets off in a vivid way the long graceful lines that spell speed and power in the locomotive of today.

In planning this exposition for September-October, the scientific note has been the controlling one. All the exhibits have been arranged with scientific and historic accuracy, making it the most complete display of its kind ever held. And yet, with all of its exactness, the artistic aspect has not

place on the afternoon of each day except Sundays and Mondays. The old parade of 1828 will be reproduced. A magnificent col-

low closely the outlines of transportation history portrayed in the great pageant may even be able to imagine the "conversations"



The English locomotive which will have a place in the Baltimore and Ohio's "Fair of the Iron Horse"

lection of pictures representing motive power in all of its aspects in practically every country of the world will be on display. Models showing the development of

that must necessarily take place between these masterpieces of yesterday and today.

The largest locomotive in the British Empire, engine 6100, is the Canadian Na-

tional Railway's contribution to the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The big Canadian engine will run under its own steam in the five-mile moving drama of transport which will parade daily in the Centenary Pageant, showing the tremendous strides made in the development of inland transportation in this country during the last one hundred years of progress.

This locomotive, recently completed, bears the name of "The Northern" and is the first of fifty such locomotives that the Canadian National Railway is building. It is fifteen feet, four inches high, ten feet eleven inches wide and ninety-three feet ten inches long, including the tender. The great engine weighs 326 tons.

"The Northern" and some of its fellows will inaugurate the longest locomotive run in Canada, running from Montreal to Sarnia, a distance of 511 miles, without change. This type of engine is convertible and capable of being operated either in fast freight or passenger service.

Some idea of the tremendous power which this 6100-type of engine is capable of generating is obtained from the fact that the boiler pressure is 250 pounds to the square inch and that it can develop more than 3,200 horse power. A special reserve of power, called the "Booster," will enable it to overcome virtually all the obstacles of Canadian climatic conditions, such as blizzards and severe snowfalls.

A 60-ton oil-electric locomotive of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is among the latest types of engines to be displayed at the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant of the century-old railroad. The electric drive has demonstrated that it offers the most efficient and most easily controlled form of power transmission. Some of the advantages claimed for the oil-electric drive is that it may be operated with a fuel cost of from one-third to one-sixth that of an equivalent steam locomotive; it requires very little water, and therefore eliminates costly watering stations and the troubles due to bad water conditions; its availability for service is approximately double that of a steam locomotive; and its cost of maintenance is approximately one-half.

This type of engine has been found highly efficient in back-and-forth heavy hauling in freight yards. The weight is 60 tons, the capacity of the oil engine 300 horse power, the maximum speed 30 miles per hour, and the rated tractive effort 36,000 pounds. Compressed air at approximately 200 pounds pressure is used to start the engine.

* * *

Grim and battle-scarred with the marks of rough experiences in the Civil War, the famous "General", historic locomotive of the old Western and Atlantic Railroad, has arrived at Baltimore, to take part in the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant.

The old engine, built in 1855, will not run under its own steam with brother engines in the Centenary pageant because its months of strenuous war-time service have told heavily, and it is feared the old boiler would not stand the strain. The smoke stack is of the old balloon type, and the

cow-catcher is much longer and larger than those on modern locomotives.

It is a matter of history that the old engine, captured by Federal spies and recaptured by resourceful Confederates, was the central actor in one of the most thrilling episodes of the Civil War. A party of twenty-two Union spies, disguised as ref-

chased into the woods. Eventually, the whole party, known in history as "Andrews Raiders," was captured.

The "General" saw further service in hauling a train load of ammunition up to General Johnston's lines in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain in 1864. On the return trip, with bomb shells exploding constantly



Margaret T. Stevens, associate editor, *Baltimore and Ohio Magazine*, author of the Pageant of Transportation to be presented at the "Fair of the Iron Horse," September 24-October 8. Indians, steam engines, stage coaches, ox-carts, conestoga wagons, and canal boats, Samuel Morse, Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay will figure in this pageant, in historical sequence. The pageant is written in blank verse, iambic pentameter, and tells the story of transportation in America from the days when the Indian carried his goods and chattels by horse and travois, to the highly-developed methods of present-day transportation. Miss Stevens has also written the words of the Baltimore and Ohio centenary march, "Hail the Baltimore and Ohio!" Music by Walter Goodwin, New York

ugees from the Yankee lines going to join the Confederate army, the story goes, suddenly made off with the "General" during a stop made to allow the passengers and crew to breakfast. The Confederate captain in charge of the train saw them start and immediately, with a small party of soldiers, started on foot in pursuit. A handcar was soon found and put in operation, but this was ditched on a short curve where the Federal raiders had stopped long enough to tear up the track. It was not until three different locomotives commandeered by the Southerners had overcome all obstructions that the fugitives were finally overtaken, forced to abandon the stolen engine and

in the vicinity, the old engine brought back a large number of wounded soldiers.

The locomotive was also the last Western and Atlantic Railroad engine to leave Atlanta when Hood's army evacuated that city, and it was thought just before leaving that it would be impossible to get away, but they managed to leave in safety, and the locomotive went southward with a train load of refugees and war equipment.

Sent down from York, Pa., to join the big parade of old-time and modern vehicles in the Centenary Exhibition and Pageant of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, is a Conestoga wagon, historic vehicle of a century ago.

Continued on page 32

The Girl Reporter's Busiest Week

By C. C. BOWSFIELD

EVERYBODY on the Dakota frontier knew that Lucy Judson could write, and LaMoure County people especially were proud of her accomplishment. They bragged about her to strangers, just as some communities boast that they have the most eloquent lawyer or the shrewdest politician in the state.

As Lucy in her newspaper articles was a skillful and fervent booster it got to be a custom with real estate agents to show visitors what was being published about the prospects of that locality. Her friends also studied up ideas by way of encouraging her journalistic work.

Well, it was Old Jim Stoddard, one of the most famous of Dakota sheriffs, who got Lucy started in her career. No, to be strictly accurate, it was Joe Mitchell Chapple just as much as Stoddard. Joe is now a Boston magazine publisher. Sheriff Stoddard was associated with Alexander Mackenzie in a number of celebrated criminal cases. Mackenzie was sheriff of Burleigh County when Theodore Roosevelt was operating his historic ranch in the Little Missouri region. The ranch owners, like Roosevelt and the Marquis deMores, had to know the sheriffs, because it was a horse-stealing era, and in one way and another many strong friendships were established among these red-blooded pioneers.

Stoddard liked to have people sit up and take notice when his detective experiences were being exploited. In other words he loved publicity, and you may know a few people like that now. So he furnished many news tips to Lucy Judson, and she did the rest. Joe Chapple had a fine little paper at Grand Rapids, where Lucy lived and did her stuff, as Red Grange would say. In the course of time the Girl Reporter outgrew Grand Rapids and joined the staff of my paper at LaMoure, where she had more room—and a salary. However, she continued to supply Joe's publication with much of its best matter. This brings us along to the point of the story, if the reader happens to be looking for a point. I believe in presenting the correct coloring and perspective, so that one may have the true frontier viewpoint and spirit by the time the point is reached, a few paragraphs further along, if ever.

Stoddard and Lucy, between them, came near causing my death at the hands of a desperate character named Big Peter McGann, who was alleged to be a member of a gang of horse thieves. The Girl Reporter didn't pause to say *alleged*, as the more modern writers do when trying to get away with libel. A stolen horse was recovered by the sheriff from Big Peter on

publication day, and when Lucy had the story ready for print she had evolved a confederacy of bandits and a chain of underground stables extending from the Bad Lands to Ransom County, adjoining LaMoure on the east. Lucy wrote stories as they ought to appear. She made the facts bend to the need of making bright copy. With a degree of gravity and earnestness that disarmed suspicion she produced all manner of unfounded sensations, some of them harmless and others loaded with TNT. She was pretty and demure, but, oh, how she would embellish the truth!

I looked on the story of the underground stables as a brilliant stroke of genius and it appeared under a fine black heading, such as Sam Medill and Horatio Seymour taught me to write in my callow days on the press. It was great stuff, not only because our local sheriff had brought in a horsethief, singlehanded, but because Alexander Mackenzie and the Marquis deMores were keeping the wires hot with information that a gang of desperadoes with stolen animals had been traced as far as the LaMoure County line. The climax was the arrest by Stoddard of the notorious Big Peter and the recovery of stock from his alleged underground stables. No greater story ever came out of LaMoure, a town which was somewhat celebrated in those days for hectic newspaper writing.

In my delight over a fine story the fact was overlooked that the whole yarn was an unusual fabrication, with just the barest shadow of truth. Of course McGann was ugly toward me, and after the paper came out the sheriff informed me that Big Peter was after my scalp, threatening all kinds of terrible things. He was a rough character at best, and his neighbors often said that when aroused he was the typical bad man. As I had never seen McGann I was not greatly impressed with my danger, and Stoddard promised to keep an eye out for him.

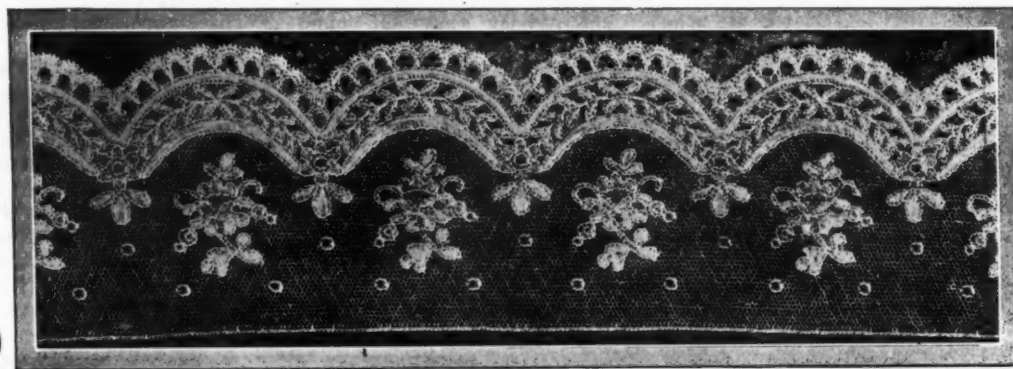
The same issue that carried the story of the underground stables brought out another of Lucy's yarns about a rush of railroad building in the LaMoure section. The best of us were in the habit of exaggerating a bit when we discussed railroad prospects. That was legitimate in a sense, because we had been promised new lines and extensions, which were greatly needed. In those days many farmers had to haul their wheat fifty miles or more to get it to a market. When Joe Chapple first visited the little metropolis of Grand Rapids the store-

keepers were hauling their goods either from Jamestown on the north or Aberdeen on the south, the former forty-five miles distant and the latter fifty-five. That was real pioneering, and we old fellows not only saw it but were "in it." So we were keen for railroads and there was lots of wild newspaper speculation. Railroads made towns wherever they pleased, and the man who got a townsite on his land became wealthy over night. Since the events occurred on which this story is founded the Soo, the Great Northern, the Northwestern and the Milwaukee have built into the region described.

It so happened that Alexander Mackenzie, in addition to being a sheriff, was a sort of political representative of the Northern Pacific. He was on that company's payroll because he was a good hand at manipulating legislation and a splendid bluffer in the fine art of keeping competitive roads from entering Northern Pacific territory. By some hook or crook he would find enough stumbling blocks to keep them out. As he sometimes controlled the North Dakota legislature companies that desired to build, rival lines were made to pause before locking horns with the Northern Pacific. Lucy's railroad article, as inspired by Sheriff Stoddard, gave an account of an imaginary conference at St. Paul in which it was decided to go ahead with the Soo line through North Dakota to Bismarck. Tom Lowry and W. D. Washburn were known to be strongly in favor of pushing the road without further delay and a number of other financial men were ready to back the project. This part is historically correct, and the Soo penetrates North Dakota today, although missing LaMoure. The unfortunate part of the story was in bringing into the conference to aid the Soo project, such men as Mackenzie, E. P. Wells and D. L. Wilbur, all staunch Northern Pacific men. The latter was a leading attorney of Jamestown and father of the present Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur.

As soon as the publication reached the offices of the Northern Pacific Railway in St. Paul a merry row was started. The wires sizzled all that day from St. Paul to Jamestown and Bismarck. The company knew all about the Soo plans, but to think that Mackenzie, Wells and Wilbur would sell out the Northern Pacific and go over to a rival line without a word of notification was too much. In a few hours the Jamestown men had satisfied the Northern Pacific that they were not in the conference and had nothing to do with the other railroad enterprise. Mackenzie could not

Continued on page 30



Among the Makers of Choice Lace

The charm of lace reaches back through the centuries—How the famous Bucks workers in England are still making lace as it was made for William the Conqueror

By H. H. ARMSTRONG

THE old lady was bending over her lace-pillow with a hundred or so bobbins hanging from innumerable brass pins. Her room was small but scrupulously clean. In spite of its worn brick floor it had an atmosphere of refinement. Evidently the delicacy of touch and handling demanded by her art was reflected in the surroundings of the worker.

Twenty pins have I to do
Let ways be ever so dirty,
Never a farthing in my purse,
But farthings five and thirty.
(An old Lace "Tell.")

"Have you come to give an order, miss?" she asked eagerly, scarcely pausing for a second from the twisting and turning of thread, the pulling out and adding to of pins which comprises the craft of lace-making.

I felt like some sort of criminal at having to confess that my mission was not such as she suggested.

"But I am hoping to help you in another sort of way," I told her. "I am going to write about you and your beautiful work, so that folks elsewhere may know what artists you Buckingham lace-makers are."

"Maybe there's some ladies in fureign parts as have never heer'd of our Ground Point, or our Bucks Cluny, then?" she inquired. "That seems queer enough to me that have worked on the pillow ever since my mother fust larned me the lace-making,—an' that wore when I was eight year old. We used to sing the lace tells in them days. I can mind my favorite were:—

"Tip and stitj turn over,
Let it be hay or clover,
My glum's done."

The voice was thin and quavery, but the chant seemed to help the bobbins along.

"How old are you now?" I asked.

"I'm eighty-five come the fust of November," she answered proudly. "I can make lace for six hours a day, and glad to, when

there's anything doing. It ain't work, but the want of it, as hurts us old folks."

This Lady of the Bobbins, with her cunning old fingers busily forming on the pillow the patterns of her youth, is one of many living in Olney and the surrounding villages who lament the decline in the Buckinghamshire Hand-made Lace Industry today.

Beautiful lace is in a great measure superior to the whims of fashion, yet the eccentricities of the mode frequently relegate it to the treasure chest there to be stored in lavender until the revival of interest in its undying charm calls it forth again. Such a demand—owing, no doubt, to Royal initiative—is being felt just now. And the keen interest shown in the recent exhibition held in Wigmore Street, when the various Lace Associations from different parts of the country exhibited samples of their beautiful work, proves that lace has come to its own again. To deal in any way adequately with the history of lace would be impossible within brief limits. For the moment we must content ourselves with recalling certain interesting facts as to how it came to be a native industry, and with showing that by supporting the Lace Associations we are helping to rescue a beautiful art from threatened extinction, and to rebuild a self-supporting industry.

The origin of lace is wrapped in mist and legend; but when tradition speaks romantically it is hard to disbelieve. There is the story of the love-sick Venetian maiden, who from gazing hour after hour at the coral keepsake given by her suitor, came to imitate its delicate tracery with filmy wefts of linen threads. The Bruges legend is scarcely less picturesque. This has it that lace was suggested to a Flemish lover by the sight of a cobweb on his sweetheart's apron.

The story that Catharine of Aragon in-

troduced the lace industry—as it was then known—into the English Midlands during her retirement to the Dower House of Ampthill Park, in Bedfordshire, may well be true, for a pattern named after her is still in use in the district. Tradition, again, tells us that during a season of dull trade she burnt all her laces so that new orders, which would again bring them prosperous days, might be given to people whom she learnt to love. The story rings, perhaps, a little modern. Lace at that period was not in very common use in England, for portraits of Henry VIII and Edward VI and Mary, show no trace of it, while the first French portrait displaying it is that of Henry II at Versailles: then the ruff is edged with a very narrow and simple pillow lace edging.

The Flemish and French Huguenots may be looked upon as being the real founders in this country of the lace industry, which has long been established chiefly in Devonshire and the Midlands—Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire. In the Midlands the Flemish origin is plainly shown both in the designs, which are still the waved designs of Flanders, and in many of the Flemish terms still used by the lace makers and in the names of Flemish extraction to be met with in the neighborhood. The industry grew and flourished, for those were the days when the cloaks of both sexes were faced with costly lace, when men wore lace on top boots, cuffs, and night-caps. Aprons appear to have been an article of feminine attire upon which lavish work was employed, and they were always bordered by lace of the finest make. During the reign of William III they became an indispensable article of dress, and at the time of Queen Anne, when the best lace was made in the country, the lady's apron was an exceedingly rich and costly affair. Some of the effigies in Westminster Abbey give an excellent idea of the universal uses of lace on the costumes of different periods. Pepys tells us how he "went with my wife

by coach to the New Exchange to buy her some things; where we saw some new fashion petticoats of sarcenett with black, broad lace round the bottom." For himself he has "a white suit with silver lace to his coat." William III we know, in one year spent £2,459 on lace for his own adornment.

As one looked at the beautiful examples shown in the recent Exhibition, some with characteristically English designs, and some with those of Flanders, while in others might be traced the unmistakable influence of the time of Louis Seize, it is not only the artistic beauty of the work that struck one,

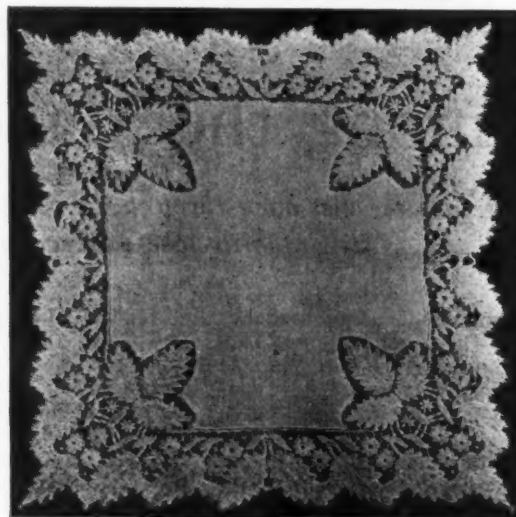
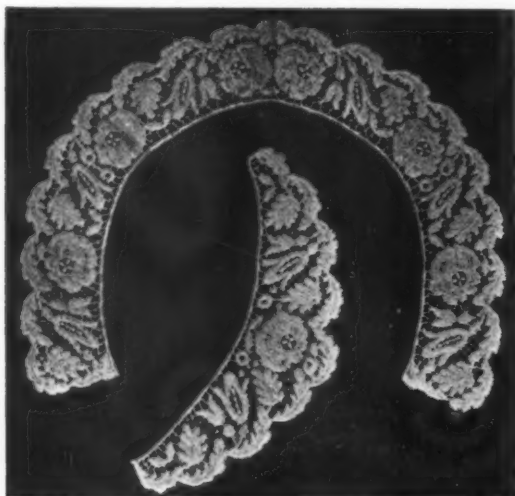
mation of a Cottage Workers' Agency, at Olney, Bucks, where the poet Cowper had his home. The Agency works on sound business lines. The Cottagers in the outlying villages and hamlets are visited personally. Parchment patterns and materials are distributed, and the lace, when ready for sale is collected. What is most needed is the interest of folk at home and in the Colonies, people who will help the industry by using hand-made lace in the place of the inferior machine-made articles.

Real lace is to be had from the Bucks Workers for very reasonable money. For

to give any information to those interested in the industry.

Three varieties of lace are made by the Olney workers:—Point Ground, Bucks Cluny, and Maltese. Some of the designs go by odd names, such as: "The Spider," "The Running River," "The Budd," "The Old Trot," and others. A pattern used by Catharine of Aragon is still among those used by Olney lace-makers.

Many great men have written in appreciation of the fine lace. Shakespeare, for instance and the poet Cowper. But it is perhaps John Ruskin who best sums up its value as a profession.



but its wonderful human interest and the contrast between the patient, uneventful lives of the women who ply this delicate craft to eke out their husband's earnings, and the lives of the wearers—the rich and well-to-do, in whose hands lies the demand for all this artistic beauty, which means prosperity to many simple homes in English lace-making districts.

An attempt has recently been made to help the Village Lace Industry, by the for-

instance, lace bordered handkerchiefs may be purchased from three shillings upwards. Lace by the yard is to be had from ninepence to three guineas a yard. Lace d'oyleys, such as are now so much used on polished wood tables in the place of the old-fashioned white table-cloths, cost from one and nine pence each, and bordered tray-cloths from five shillings and ninepence. The Hon. Secretary Bucks Cottage Workers' Agency, Olney, Bucks, is only too anxious

"If you think of it," he writes, "you will find the whole value of lace as a possession depends on the fact of its having a beauty which has been the reward of industry and attention. The real good of a piece of lace is that it should show first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain that which is difficult to obtain.

The Girl Reporter's Busiest Week

Continued from page 28

be reached for two or three days, as he was away promoting a gold mine in Montana. I was asked for an explanation and succeeded in fastening the story on Stoddard and Mackenzie, and the former insisted that Mackenzie had given him the facts as related in the *LaMoure Chronicle*.

When Mackenzie finally was reached he came to Jamestown in a hurry, and a team was sent all the way to Grand Rapids to get Stoddard. Judge Ball, of Fargo, met them at Jamestown. As it took a whole day and a night to get the LaMoure County sheriff there was quite a gathering of notables at Jamestown by the time he reached the place. Senator Little was down from Bismarck, Jud LaMoure got wind of the fun and came all the way from Pembina, Judge Lauder was up from Wahpeton and a number of other public men dropped in.

Bailey Fuller, of course, was there, as well as Alfred Dickey and half a dozen newspaper boys. The Minneapolis crowd and the Great Northern interests were represented merely as spectators. It was not intended that they should meddle in a Northern Pacific meeting after what had occurred. I remember that Colonel Dodge, representing James J. Hill, was enjoying the thing hugely. By making the long trip on horseback Joe Chapple and I reached the Jamestown hotel in time for the climax. It was like a meeting of the legislature, with ever so many senators, representatives, lobbyists and newspaper men. The thing that I carry in my mind most vividly after all these years is the seriousness of a majority of the assemblage. The Northern Pacific fellows were actually in a cold sweat. If Jamestown had been threatened with a raid of aeroplanes the citizens would not have been more wrought up. But it was fruit for the Great Northern and Soo representatives.

When Joe Chapple and I entered the meeting we learned that Stoddard and Mackenzie were in another room trying to arrive at some sort of an explanation. A general disruption of friendly relations was feared by all, and most of us thought that Mackenzie would lose his pull with the Northern Pacific. When the two noted sheriffs returned to the main gathering they were smiling broadly. And this was Mackenzie's report:

"That whole blamed thing was a hoax by the Girl Reporter of LaMoure. I merely mentioned to Sheriff Stoddard that the Soo was likely to push on to Bismarck before long. I learned that at the Northern Pacific offices in St. Paul a couple of weeks ago. Stoddard passed along the tip to the Girl Reporter thinking she would make a nice little item out of it. Well, she did, and this is the result. Her little item is a column long and she has stirred up the whole north end of the American continent. It is my opinion that Colonel Dodge and

Continued on page 40

Building Up a Peoples National Bank

How General Dennis F. Collins, a master of many trades and vocations, organized a depositor's campaign and made a gain of seventy-five per cent in six months—Appointed Major-General in the National Guard Service by President Wilson—He understands the power of concerted action in civic as well as military maneuvers

AT the close of business, December 31, 1926, the statement of the Peoples National Bank of Elizabeth, New Jersey, showed a gain of \$2,109,888.88—or about 75 per cent in six months' time, as the result of an organized drive by the board of directors of the institution.

Since boards of directors in most banking institutions are more ornamental than useful, I thought at first that what had been accomplished in that drive by the individual directors of the Peoples National

May 3, 1868. After a period of schooling, he became a clerk in a grocery store in Elizabeth at the age of 14 where he remained for two years, following which he served as a shipping clerk in a large mercantile house in New York City for five years. Thus he gradually advanced in business circles, from 1890 to 1896, he was a clerk and bookkeeper for an Elizabeth concern; in 1896, he entered the employ of the Peter Breidt Brewing Company as Agent and Collector; in 1897 he became vice-president of the company, and in 1904 he succeeded to the presidency on the death of Mr. Peter Breidt, a position he still retains, although the company is now liquidating. Besides, to round out his business interests, as one of Elizabeth's most successful business men, he is the president of the Rex Land Improvement Company, president of the Elizabeth Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company, director, Independent Bonding & Casualty Ins. Company, one of the incorporators and first president of the Better Plan Building & Loan Association, and other interests too numerous to mention, of a strictly business character.

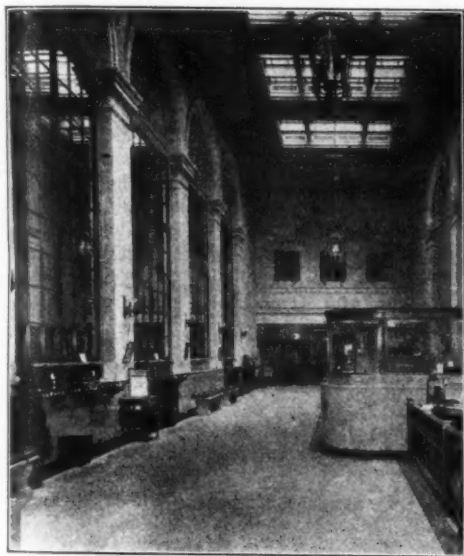
* * *

In the way of public service, exclusive of his military achievements, two other separate fields in which this favorite son of Elizabeth has won laurels besides his fourth career, banking, which I shall mention later, General Collins has served many years as a member of the Elizabeth city council. He was first elected to that body in 1898, serving continuously until 1908, when he became the Democratic nominee for mayor of Elizabeth. Though leading his ticket he was defeated, however, and in 1914, when he ran for the office again he was also defeated. He was again returned to the city council in 1912, serving another two years on that body, as its president, as he was from 1904 to 1906. In 1916 General Collins was elected comptroller of the city of Elizabeth for a term of three years, a position which he still fills with credit, having been re-elected for successive three-year terms since.

Although in all these years General Collins relinquished none of his business interests to speak of, he rendered many other noteworthy public services. For instance, Woodrow Wilson appointed him the New Jersey State Commissioner to the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. In 1892 he served as the captain of the Young Man's Tariff Reform Democratic Club, one of the crack marching uniformed political organizations of that period when political rallies were very much in vogue; from 1895

to 1925 he served on the city and county Democratic committees and was chairman of both organizations for years, while from 1907 to 1925 he was a member of the Democratic State Committee, representing Union county, acting as Treasurer of the Committee during that period.

Recounting the steps in the military career of General Collins, we find that they have also gradually led up to his distinguished title the same as the bricks of the temple were laid one by one, and the same as most successful lives are planned and



Interior of the Peoples National Bank of Elizabeth, New Jersey

Bank was the basis of a good story—one of those "How We Did It" articles so frequently appearing in modern business periodicals. But when I discovered, after a personal interview with a number of the said directors, that the success of that remarkable campaign for deposits was largely due to General Dennis F. Collins, president of the bank, and chairman of the Board, I concluded that it would be more appropriate to single him out as the one to write about in connection with the Elizabeth bank, as he is the outstanding figure in the institution, the congenial and inspirational force that attracted such capable and energetic men to the board of the bank and got them to work.

One of those many-sided products of American life, General Collins has made a decided success in four separate fields of endeavor, although he came to this country as a boy of six with his widowed mother from Cloyne, Ireland, where he was born



General Dennis F. Collins, President of the Peoples National Bank of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Chairman of the Board

lived. In 1888 he enlisted as a private in the National Guard of New Jersey and was promoted to insubordinate officer grades within the ensuing five years; in 1894 he was elected Captain, Company E, 3rd regiment; in 1898 he volunteered with that company for service in the Spanish-American War, in response to President McKinley's call for volunteers, and continued in the Federal Service until peace was declared. In 1899, when the National Guard of the state was organized he was elected Major, 2nd regiment, becoming Lieutenant Colonel in 1900, and Colonel in 1902, while in 1907 he was elected Brigadier General, commanding the second brigade and continuing in command until 1913, when Governor Wilson appointed him Major General of Division, commanding the entire National Guard of New Jersey. But in 1915 he retired from active service.

General Collins commanded the New Jersey troops at the unveiling of the monument

to Major General George B. McClellan, at Washington, D. C., 1907. He was Commander of the New Jersey troops participating in army maneuvers at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania in 1910, and at Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania, in 1912, while as chairman of the State Military Board, he brought about the building of the Elizabeth armory.

Now I know that all sounds rather chronological and matter of fact, but I have purposely done it. By telling the story in that order, we observe, as we could not otherwise, how General Collins has climbed the ladder of success in each of those three careers in a gradual, methodical way. It serves as an object lesson to present day youth that wants to become great or rich overnight. A few people get into the lime-light with what looks like success quickly achieved, but real successes come to pass in the way this product of American life has achieved them, except that instead of specializing in one thing and no other as the goal of life, General Collins had already made a great success of three separate careers when he undertook the banking profession in which he is now achieving another unusual success. Moreover, the telling of all that detail regarding the president and chairman of the board of the Peoples National Bank, explains what I wanted to explain in the beginning—how a board of bank directors were ever got going hard enough to increase the deposits of their bank by 75 per cent in only six months' time. With such an inspiring leader to direct them results were inevitable. And what is more, when the said campaign to increase the bank's deposits by \$2,000,000 was launched, they were given two years

in which to do it. But, instead, it was completed in six months.

Along with such an increase in deposits, the bank also showed net earnings of \$52,738.04 in that period which enabled them to add \$50,000 to the bank's surplus, now amounting to \$200,000, with undivided profits of \$98,935.19, plus a capital of \$300,000, giving the institution total resources of \$6,635,482, which success, as said before, is largely due to the outstanding personality of General Collins, the able men he

has attracted to him in the management and operation of the bank, and in the friendly policy of the institution which has aimed to popularize banking.

The bank has three vice-presidents, Abe J. David, former judge and now county prosecutor; C. L. Morgan, also former judge, Vice-President of McManus Brothers, and president of the Elizabeth Board of Education, and Albert C. Stein, president of the Young Men's Building and Loan Association, the latter being active in the bank as assistant to the President.

General Collins is a quiet, unassuming man, of imposing physique, who gives a great deal of his time to the management of the bank, in which he holds a substantial block of the stock. He is also the head of the organizing group of the Downtown Trust Company, now organizing with a capital and surplus of \$150,000, to serve a certain section in the city.

Although already in his sixtieth year, General Collins gets up at 6.30 every morning, eats a light breakfast, and gets to the bank by 8 a. m., where he always opens the mail himself, thus keeping in touch with the bank's business. He then remains at his office until between five and six every day, taking no luncheon. He has a wife and five children, with three grandchildren—a happy family circle—of which he is as proud as of his other achievements, thus making a fifth career a success, the career of being a good husband and father.

Unlike a good many bank presidents who keep to the seclusion of their private offices, General Collins mixes freely with the customers of the bank. He thus radiates a courtesy and friendliness that permeates the whole institution.



A Pageant Presenting the "Iron Horse"

Continued from page 27

The old-fashioned wagon is the first to arrive of a large number of exhibits being shipped to the exhibition grounds to take part in a pageant five miles long, designed to show in graphic form the history of inland transportation in this country, from the pack-horse of the Indian to the most up-to-date of the modern steam locomotive.

Built in 1813 at Middletown, Pa., the wagon has seen many years of service in carrying freight and passengers along the national pike to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other large cities. It is famous as a link in the chain of horse-drawn vehicles leading up to the era of the railroad, representing a step in the growth of inland transportation in America between the stage-coach and the prairie schooner. Its name is taken from that of a tribe of Indians of Iroquois stock who once held land on the eastern bank of the Potomac River in Maryland, a section now known as Conestoga County. It is a large solid-looking wagon with huge back wheels and smaller front ones, drawn by a team of six horses. Arched picturesquely over the top is a large canopy of canvas slanting far forward in

front and backward in the rear, making a spacious roomy vehicle.

The English stage-coach, brought over here just before the Revolution, preceded this vehicle. Following it came the even more famous prairie schooner, used by the hardy frontiersmen in their historic trek across the Western plains. Travelling over the few good post-roads and many bad ones in the days of the Conestoga wagon before the coming of the Iron Horse was an adventurous and often uncomfortable undertaking. Difficulties not known to this smooth-running generation attended the trips from town to town. Passengers often had to get out and walk up steep hills, a day's journey was necessary to cover the same distance that can be made today in less than an hour, and mud-holes were the rule rather than the exception which would have baffled the modern motorist.

The one hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was celebrated on February 28 of this year in the Lyric Theater,

Baltimore. Here were gathered at a great banquet, railway presidents and machinists, doctors and other learned men of the great professions and railroad veterans from every walk of railway life; writers and Congressmen and clerks.

Addresses were made by President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio; Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, member of Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio; Hon. Howard W. Jackson, mayor of the City of Baltimore.

Following the addresses, 250 of the railroad's employees presented three episodes in the history of the Baltimore and Ohio, entitled "The Birth of a Railroad," and written by Margaret Talbot Stevens, associate editor of the *Baltimore and Ohio Magazine*. The Prologue was given by a modern engineer and a stage coach driver of a century ago. The first scene represented the meeting in George Brown's home, February, 1827. The second episode presented the laying of the First Stone at Mt. Clare, and the third episode, the coming of steam—the dream of Peter Cooper fulfilled, the dream of the modern engine.

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

EVERY month in swift-moving days has its aviation sensations; at times it might be made a matter of daily record. The flight to Hawaii had its tragedies as well as its triumphs. When the Woolarac arrived safely at Hawaii with Goebel and Davis it brought a new aviatic thrill to the Pacific, which has had hard work to keep up with the pace of the Atlantic in welcoming record-breaking flights. The backers of the Woolarac which won the \$25,000 Dole prize were my friends Frank and L. E. Phillips, of Oklahoma, President and Treasurer, respectively, of the Phillips Petroleum Company with wells and plants scattered far over the West. For many years they have been interested in aviation, for they move swiftly at a pace established by the high-powered gasoline which they produce. It was just like them to play a part in the thrilling adventures incident to bringing Hawaii within a few hours' flight of the United States. They had been in Hawaii and had fallen under the climatic charms of that incomparable spot. It was on a windy day that the editor of the NATIONAL had his conference with L. E. Phillips, and even then there was a smile of buoyant, hopeful and irrepressible enthusiasm which seemed to foreshadow that he was to be a factor in a notable and successful prize flight to Hawaii. It is felt that the day is not far distant when large corporations covering activities scattered over extensive areas will have their fleet of airplanes as they now have their auto trucks to speed up transportation facilities, and co-ordinate the operations with almost all the advantages of a centralized location. How eagerly the fate of the three lost ships and the dauntless aviators, including Miss Doran, the flying school-teacher, was followed by the millions of people anxiously awaiting news and ever ready to honor the heroes and heroines who have so courageously dared in the complete annihilation of time and distance which is coming through aviation.

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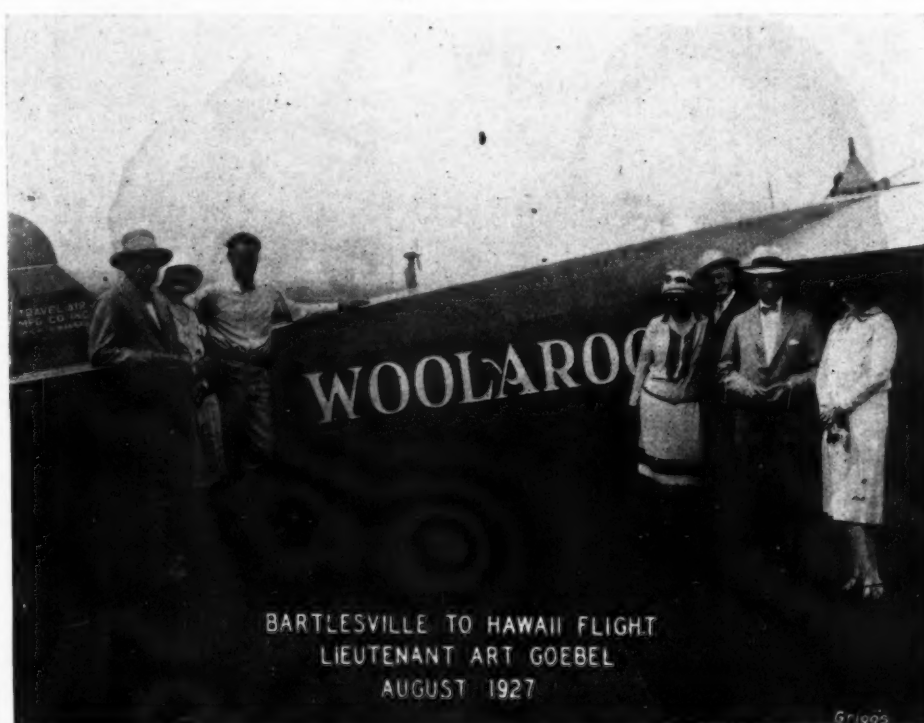
FEW men of large affairs have been more devoted to specific and practical ideals in helpfulness to human kind than Edward F. Albee, America's leader in the world of amusement and vaudeville. In a meeting called for the purpose of the betterment of the actor's condition in America where record was kept of the proceedings, I find a gem of a thought:

"When God constructed this world He left nothing undone. He gave to mankind a perfect universe, in beauty and every other attribute and necessity for maintenance,

comfort and pleasant living of mankind. He arrayed the earth with more beauty than has ever been conceived or executed since the beginning of the world by mankind. He fed His people with wheat from the fields, fruit from the trees, and even provided shoes for their feet from the hides of animals. This heritage He left to mankind. He endowed men with attributes of

Located on the most magnificent site in the Adirondack Mountains, forty-five acres, with pine trees, every attribute for pleasure and health, it will probably be opened next fall as a great monument to our profession.

"Other great callings care for their unfortunate and dignify their various enterprises by making it part and parcel of their



Frank Phillips, Mrs. Gooch, Art Goebel

Mrs. Clyde Alexander, John Kane, L. E. Phillips, Mrs. Fred Capshaw

creating great enterprises and to them, I believe, God has entrusted the care of His unfortunate.

"We are here to build at Saranac a wonderful home for the tubercular members of our profession, not only the vaudeville but every other branch of the profession. We can take care of one hundred patients there and it will be built, not like a sanitarium, but like a real home, in Old English style. Every room has a bath; every room has a sun parlor and a sleeping porch and there isn't a hotel in the country that is equipped more thoroughly than this will be. It will be called the Adirondack Lodge for the care of the tubercular actors of our profession. The contract has already been given out and will cost between four hundred and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

business that those who toil in their employ receive proper recognition and consideration. Are we still to be pictured only as people walking the railroad tracks with linen dusters and fur collars? Why not bring those who make money together, and it can be done only by some vigorous man who will tell them their duty and then see that it is put into operation. You cannot sit here year in and year out and have these little benefits bringing in five or six thousand dollars, which amounts in a year to about one hundred thousand. We ought to have one million dollars every year for this cause. We should take care of every old actor after he has passed the age of usefulness. I saw twenty or thirty of them in the N. V. A. and they were all enjoying themselves. That is their club and they

are furnished with money every week for their maintenance. That is what we want to do in this profession.

"This theatre should be packed with people interested in this great cause, and they should come here every year, following the advice of an old darky who went to a newspaper one Saturday afternoon and said, 'Mr. Editor, about forty of my congregation advertise in your paper. Do that give me the privilege of having a notice of my Sunday services published?' and the Editor said: 'Sit down and write it out,' and this is what he wrote:

"Mount Zion Church
Tarboro, North Carolina,
George Washington Lafayette, Pastor
Services Every Sunday Morning.

In the promulgation of the Gospel, three things are necessary: The Prayer Book, the Song Book and the Pocket Book. Come Sunday and bring all three."



Edward F. Albee, head of the Keith-Albee enterprises

Mr. Albee was born in Machias, Maine, in 1857, where they pry up the sun in the morning, and he has had struggles equal to those of emigrant lads. He made his way to Boston in a sloop, a modern "Mayflower," to seek fame and fortune. He began blacking shoes, selling newspapers and earning a living at a tender age. Early in the morning he was at work. Late in the evening he was at school. He joined Barnum's "Greatest on Earth" at the age of seventeen and later traveled with a wagon show, going far to the South and West. Up all night with the horses and wagons, wallowing in the mud, cutting trees for corduroy roads, fording streams for the caravan must arrive before the sun in the next town; sleeping in a wagon, rain or shine, every hour counted; catching a few winks of sleep in the afternoon while the masses were seeing the show, the next day's work began as the tents were lowered. Later sleeping in a box car with a railroad show, where they were packed in like sardines, bunk on bunk, with steaming clothes hung up in the cen-

ter, sleeping soundly while they bumped along to the next town. There is a happiness in the memory of hardships. Edward Albee, stand up and speak for the American boy and his hardships."

"Yes," said Mr. Albee, "these were happy days, busy days, dreaming of the time when I might be running a show of my own. My knowledge of geography developed as the route of the circus proceeded. A vigorous life of adventure and activity."

Turning the conversation from himself he again responded when asked as to the greatest thing in life. "Doing something for others, working hard to be able to do more. To my mind John D. Rockefeller giving away a half billion dollars for the welfare of mankind is an inspiring example of a successful life. The simplest and best thing in the world is to follow the teachings of Christ. Everything He did was affirmative and constructive. The Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, His teachings re-



Former Senator G. W. Norris, who may head a presidential ticket in 1928

main the inspiration of human helpfulness and happiness."

Much can be written about the struggles of this State of Maine boy who now controls over a thousand theatres and has seen Keith enterprises develop one by one under his magic leadership. In his office I found Edward Albee late in the afternoon at his desk signing real heart-interest letters of sympathy in which were enclosed thousand-dollar checks to the widows, children and relatives of vaudeville actors—members of the National Vaudeville Artists who had passed on to the "last act." The National Vaudeville Artists, the homelike club for actors, has been one of E. F. Albee's practical dreams of helpfulness fulfilled. As he removed his glasses he remarked:

"Yes, you have guessed right. I would rather do this than anything in the world—this is the compensation for the early struggles. When I became associated with Mr. Keith there was an ideal involved in the plans."

Every employee of this organization from

scrubwoman to manager, is provided with life insurance, so that there is something more than letters and flowers to send the bereaved.

"There is a closer alliance between the theatre and the church—amusement and religion—more than some public leaders have been able to appreciate. America is fundamentally an altruistic and religious country."

* * *

THE initial Presidential boom was launched in Lincoln, Nebraska, where "A Norris for President" Club was organized in August with a committee of five thousand of the followers of La Follette to inaugurate the campaign. Senator Norris has retired from the Senate and his supporters in Nebraska believe that he represents more nearly than anyone else the sentiment of the Middle West on the Farm Relief, Prohibition, Tariff Reform, Federal



The late James Oliver Curwood, a lover of nature

Taxation, and monopoly regulations. For many years Senator George W. Norris has been identified with the farm bloc in the Senate. He is ever ready with a voice of protest against anything which he believes does not serve the interests of the plain people. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Patents, Senator Norris has given many, many hours of study to the intricate questions involved in the work of this committee. For more than a year he has been Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry and various boards have occupied much of his time and attention.

He is a characteristic son of the West, born on a prairie in Sandusky County, Ohio, in 1861, his early life milking cows and ploughing corn giving him the viewpoint of a farmer earning a dollar by economy and hard work. His mother was left a widow in straightened circumstances when he was a very young child and he worked out among the neighboring farmers during the summer and attended the district school during the winter. After securing his cov-

eted teacher's diploma, he taught school and earned his way while attending Baldwin University at Berea, Ohio. While teaching school he was studying his law books long after school was dismissed. After being admitted to the bar in 1883, he removed to McCook County, Nebraska, and grew up in this state. Three times elected prosecuting attorney and district judge, in 1895 and again in 1899, he was called from the bench to serve in Congress. In Congress he made his way and was elected to the Senate in 1913 and re-elected in 1918.

"Since the embattled days at Lexington the farmers have had their fight but they are coming into their own. Those who have worked on farms know what the products of the farms cost, not only in investment but in the long, long hours of labor, and long, long lives of self-denial and saving. When farmers are enjoying their full rights and privileges under the laws of trade and barter and legitimate supply and demand—then the country is prosperous and contented."

Senator Norris said all this so emphatically that he upset the ink bottle, but it was an easy matter to refill that bottle of ink and use up blotters for the spilled portion. In conversation as well as in speaking, Senator Norris is a man who believes in putting a real punch into his words and sentiments.

* * *

IT does not seem possible that in the prime of his life James Oliver Curwood has gone from among us. Only this year I received such a cheery letter, complimenting my book "Vivid Spain" and picturing the wonderful days he was anticipating in his log lodge up in the Michigan North woods, where he was going to snowshoe and rest up for a few weeks. While he often expressed a desire to live to be a hundred and enjoy the beauties of Nature which he worshipped and of which he wrote so feelingly, it was the sting of an insect in the forests where he poured out his heart's devotion that caused his untimely end. One of his wishes at least was fulfilled, he closed his eyes in the little city of Owosso, Mich., where he was born June 12, 1878. When he passed away, he was the highest paid author in the United States. From the time that his first book "The Courage of Captain Plum" appeared in 1908, on to "The Black Hunter" which he sent me with an inscription that is cherished, he was perhaps one of the most prolific and hard-working authors of his time—twenty-five novels in less than nineteen years is a record that was not even surpassed by Sir Walter Scott, who produced the Waverly Novels under the pressure and necessities of overhanging indebtedness in the hallowed atmosphere of Abbotsford.

I knew him in his newspaper days when he was dreaming of becoming a real novelist. I have seen him in the military camp of the National Guard as a cavalry man. I have seen him even in a political convention, but to meet him in the wilds of his beloved Northland was to see him at his best. For over twenty years, he spent many months out of the twelve travelling as far north as the Arctic coast, and was the only

American ever employed by the Canadian Government as an exploratory and descriptive writer.

The world is much closer in its contact with the mysteries and glories of Nature because James Oliver Curwood lived. In his books is an atmosphere that will make them treasures on the library shelves for generations to come, because in every volume and in almost everything he wrote there was reflected the soul of a man who loved to lay his head in Nature's lap and let her tell him stories.

The literary work of James Oliver Curwood will continue as perennial as the Nature he adored.

* * *

THE reception given to Chamberlin, who made the flight to Germany in the Columbia, recalls the fact that, while it is recent history, it has assumed almost the

THE ever-alert airplane eye of America was focused during August upon Hawaii. The air mind of the country turned from the East to the West with the concentrated thought of millions of people upon the islands of the Mid-Pacific which the daring aviators had as an objective in that momentous and stirring flight. It was a thrilling scene of modern times that greeted the eye when the fleet of ships left to pierce the sky lanes of the Pacific and bring the Orient even closer to the shores of America than was Rome to the shores of Africa where Carthage threatened her imperial power in ancient times.

The airport of San Francisco on that eventful day presented from the sky the appearance of a huge arena, where were held the tests of endurance involving the age-old titanic contest by man with time and space. The smiling faces of the aviators under the grim helmets about to make the leap over



Night scene at Roosevelt Field showing Chamberlin and Levine with the airplane Columbia, which made the longest distance flight ever known—from New York to Germany

proportions of a historic achievement associated with a more or less remote past. At the banquet given him in New York, Governor Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt, gave the dauntless young aviator the greeting from his home town in Iowa. Chamberlin was born in Denison, Iowa, which was the home of Governor Shaw when he was called to take the Treasury portfolio at Washington. The homecoming was a real event. The boys with whom he has plowed corn and played ball on the vacant lot insisted that he was the same old "Cham" who belonged to the adventuresome group that had experimented with airplanes on the Darius Green plan. While Mr. Chamberlin is a resident of New Jersey, he is strongly attached to the old home town in Iowa, where his mother read the dispatches and heard the radio flashes of his marvelous flight to Germany, making the longest distance that has ever been covered in one journey through the sky-lanes bridging the Atlantic.

the ocean which Balboa had christened the Pacific were a sharp contrast to the lowering skies, but the weather report had been received and the orders followed with the nonchalance of starting on a motor ride "Contact on, contact off" and the whirring propellers chanted a requiem of death as well as a peon of victory.

The tiny figure in the group on which all eyes centered was the little Michigan schoolteacher, Miss Mildred Doran, who had already been christened "The Flying Schoolteacher." The ship bearing her name was naturally a favorite among the spectators, as well as among the millions throughout the country who followed with almost breathless interest the reports hour by hour of this memorable peace armada of airplanes, skirting the waves and clouds of the great Pacific expanse.

DERIC in Mesa Verde is an answer to a cry from the bottom of many a boy's heart. Ever since he was a little fellow climbing on your knee, your boy has

displayed the thirst for knowledge when his sweet little voice cooed, "Daddy, tell me a story."

And as soon as he learned to read, a new world opened up for him. Mayne, Reid, Fenimore Cooper, Leigh Hunt, Captain Maryat, and Jules Verne have brought the far places near and the near places not far enough, and what boy is there who doesn't believe that Daddy has a story, a whole

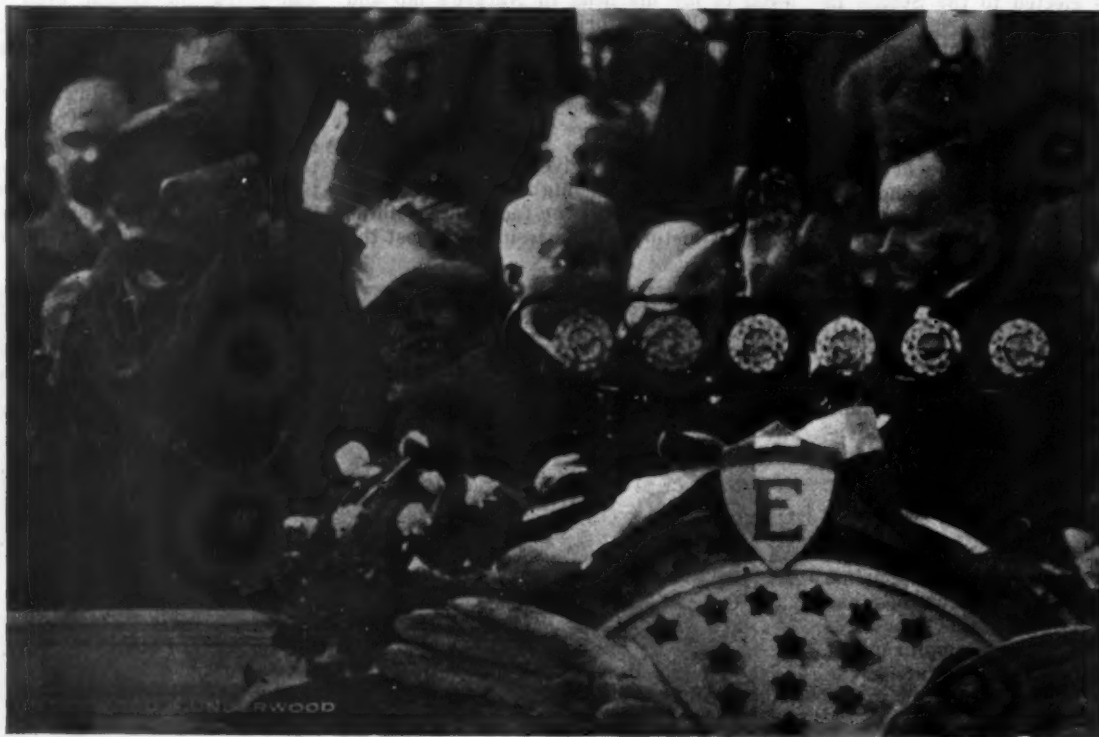
his thrill by placing himself in the shoes of the central figure. Sometimes even it wasn't a shoe, it was a "leather stocking." But the authors have invariably been grown up, even though their pens were gifted enough to stir the boy's imagination.

In just this way, Mesa Verde is different, written by a boy—a twelve-year-old youngster—boy scout at that.

You get a story in remarkably good Eng-

ville, Florida a little while ago, on the subject of the Mesa Verde. The lecturer was able to state that certainly not more than thirty people had seen Mesa Verde up to that time.

In a long conversation with the lecturer afterwards, I learned the difference and the similarity between these ruins and other historic ruins in different parts of the world.



One of the finest pictures ever sent by wire, showing Calvin Coolidge being sworn in as President March 4, 1925

flock of stories in fact, tucked away in the back of his head.

Poor Daddy—his life may have been hum drum enough—the annual break to the seaside or to the mountains for a couple of weeks is the only adventure he has had for many years.

Yet at sunset over the purple horizon of the sea, Daddy can discern the ship of his boyhood's dreams, heading for port in the masses of fleecy cloud that hang in the evening sky above the timberline in the distant mountains, he can still see the castles he built when the heart was young.

Thus far the stories of adventure have been written about men and they have been written about boys and the boy reader got

lish and excellent grammar, of absorbing interest to both boy and man, and through it all it is so apparent that it is the work of a boy—a real live "he" boy.

He doesn't talk up and he doesn't talk down, he just talks straight across and O my, what a subject! Archaeology, geology, palaeontology, mixed up with cowboys, ponies, exploring parties, camping in the open, injuns 'neverthing; and above all things, the last remaining vestiges of a lost race totally different to anything that ever existed on the American Continent, discovered by accident only a few short years ago on the high tableland called "The Mesa Verde."

The writer attended a lecture at Jackson-

Ninive, Carthage, Naven, Babylon, Ur, Zimbabwe, and Balbec all marshalled for the comparison, showing a striking similarity in idea and yet a distinct difference in design. It was there that Deric found a stone implement of the stone age, the only one with its handle still intact, a remarkable stroke of luck to fall to the lot of a boy of twelve.

The human remains discovered there—some of them decidedly Polynesian—are unlike anything else, especially unlike the North American Indian as we know him.

The Mesa Verde is another human document added to the mysteries of the long ago—Easter Island, Stonhenge, and the Mayas of Yucatan.

New Science of Managing Seasonal Hotels

Continued from page 14

lationship between the newspaper profession and the hotel business. There is no other occupation that develops resourcefulness more rapidly than the newspaper business, for it is one of the fundamentals of this vocation to find out how things are done, why they are done and understand how to meet and mingle with people. Observation and information co-ordinated make for intelligence in any calling, and sources of information are always important. The manager of a hotel meeting the

demands of modern service is required to perform duties which call for contacts. Mr. Kennedy believes that success in the hotel business is derived by giving close personal attention to the requirements of guests. He has never been known to run away from complaints, and he is ever confident that there is always a way to adjust every criticism. He is a firm believer in the principle that there is a kick in every rate, for if the guest does not find some feature of the service to complain about, he is entitled to ask for a discount.

It is the eternal vigilance of Clement E. Kennedy and his observant eye and keen

understanding of human nature that accounts for the steady and substantial advancement of the young Harvard boy ever since he crossed the threshold of the New Ocean House at Swampscott, and under the training of Mr. E. R. Grabow, the Nestor of hotel managers, determined to make the hotel business a life career. In the handsome new Vinoy Park at Saint Petersburg, he will find a wide scope for his genius in making it a hostelry of renown among travelers in all parts of the country, for there is one motto in his lexicon never overlooked—"the best or superlative always commands patronage that endures."

Stirring and Eventful Career of J. Ogden Armour

The struggles of an American youth who inherited millions—Sacrificing a life of leisure to vindicate the honor of his father—Feeding the army in the trenches overseas during the World War—Devotion to Chicago, his home city

WHILE in a foreign land seeking to restore health, J. Ogden Armour passed on to the great unknown Beyond. For many years he was a dominating personality in the industrial and commercial marts of the world. More than that—he was a leader in civic and philanthropic enterprises in his own Chicago that reflected the fine qualities of the man. Johnathan Ogden Armour was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, at the time his father, the late Philip D. Armour was making seven-league strides towards a foremost place in the development of the packing business, that has resulted in making the word "Armour" known wherever live stock or food products are sold. While at Yale he was called home before he had graduated, to relieve his father of business cares. His elder brother, Philip D. Armour, Jr., who had been trained from early youth for a business career, suddenly passed away, and his father naturally turned to the younger son to stand by his side in the closing years of his busy life. Upon his father's death, he assumed full charge of the varied interests which his father had built up as a captain of industry and finance in the days of great pioneers.

An onslaught was made at this time on the packing interests by muckrakers of various kinds and degrees, but young Ogden Armour decided to stand by the ship, and vindicate the memory of his beloved father from the malignant attacks growing out of political and socialistic opposition. He refused an offer of many millions which he could have accepted and retire from business to a life of peace and leisure, but he decided to carry on as his father would have wished. Soon he became recognized as a leading citizen of Chicago, being active in almost everything that appertained to the welfare and progress of this wonder-growing metropolis of the west.

The Armour Institute was an educational force among the colleges of the country, under the presidency of the late Doctor Frank W. Gunsaulus, who had begun the work with the late P. D. Armour and his son generously continued the work until it was taken over by the Northwestern University at Evanston. Lee de Forest, inventor of the audion that made radio possible, was a student and afterwards instructor at this

Institute at the time he made his great invention.

Even in the days following the deflation of the war and the defaulting of payments for his products on large foreign purchases, with his securities bobbing around at a low rate, which he had to sell, Ogden Armour saw \$130,000,000 fade away in 130 days, yet during it all his one purpose was to carry on all the work to an honorable con-



THE LATE J. OGDEN ARMOUR

clusion and safeguard the honor and name of Armour. The fact that he was not able to accomplish all that he wanted to do in helping others under the stress of misfortune, undoubtedly hastened his death in the prime of life.

Intense in his Americanism, the work that he did during the war in getting good beef and supplies to the doughboys at the front, is something that will not be for-

gotten by the lads who enjoyed their Armour beefsteaks in the trenches overseas. His generous contributions to civic and educational enterprises in Chicago, reflected the "I Will" spirit of the great metropolis of the midwest. He not only builded his own organizations but there are scores and even thousands of enterprises scattered all over the country that have to thank J. Ogden Armour for the help that made achievement possible.

Among the young men trained as a clerk in the Armour organization was George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Scores of leaders in business and educational, as well as literary affairs, remember with gratitude the encouragement which J. Ogden Armour gave them.

Human and kindly, a hard worker, J. Ogden Armour early evolved a philosophy of life. He was a slender man, with paramount nose, black eyes that grew liquid in humor or flashed fire when aroused. In the course of a chat with him during the war he said:

"The real satisfaction, after all, in being master of something—to feel that you know something a little better than the other fellow. The thing that counts is confidence and dependability. There is always a place for the fellow who will go through. The twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year men are still scarce because they are made by hard knocks and experience."

Even in his busiest days, "J. O." always maintained a simplicity and a sense of humor in dispatching interviews and business on the tick of a watch that drove toward results. His devotion to his mother and to his family and home life revealed the ideals of Ogden Armour.

"If we could only save a small fraction of the time wasted in useless and scattered conversation and effort, making every objective in life a clear and distinct purpose, we would be able to keep up with the swift-moving developments that

rush in upon us day by day. These are the times when we have to keep moving, our eyes open, or we find the world sweeping by us."

"How is it that a man is always looked upon as competent when you say he is an Armour man?" I once queried abruptly, after an exchange of greetings at his office in Chicago.

"I can't say as to that," he returned, fix-

ing me with a you-can't-flatter-me glance, "except that our boys seem to feel the Armour enthusiasm. Real stories of adventure could be written around the ideas incubated by our men in packing house and selling department, on how to 'do something better than anybody else.' Ever since our business was founded, there has always been an ambition all along the line to have the Armour brand stand for the best."

I nodded understandingly.

"And we keep our people, too," he added, proudly. "Practically every department head or manager in all our plants has been promoted from the ranks and one of our boys will succeed me."

Then he repeated the famous Armour creed: "Big men are only little men given a fair chance to grow." While he was speaking about Armour men I thought of his own office boy who, as he ushered me in, used my name and bowed. It was done in that refreshing way of not expecting anything—not a bell-boy bob. Then I saw his face. Something there indicated Mr. Armour's motif of enthusiasm. He seemed honestly glad that I was going in to see Mr. Armour—not sorry that I had gained admittance. And then, when I was ready to leave, he was right there with a look which said: "Glad you came." That boy has since made a fine success as an executive.

Somehow I felt extraordinarily fit that morning—you know the "conquer-I-can" mood—and my exuberance seemed to impress Mr. Armour. He called me an unfailing enthusiastic person. I felt highly complimented. Told him I'd just completed a ten-week Chautauqua tour, addressing one or two thousand people every night in a tent. Suggested it might be the oratorical reflex that acted upon him.

"You can't ignore it, Joe," he declared smilingly. "You may plume yourself on being a good speaker, but it's your buoyant enthusiasm which 'puts it across.' Enthusiasm is the dynamics of personality. Without it, all other qualities of brain or brawn lie dormant. What does it amount to if you have all the wisdom of Solomon, the knowledge of a Solon and the flaming genius of a Napoleon—if you haven't enthusiasm?"

Of course I agreed with him. And he quoted that glowing tribute of Bulwer Lytton's: "Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the Tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes."

"Exactly," he concluded heartily. "We should not under-rate enthusiasm as mere pyrotechnics. However ebullient, it has a sound basis. It is that faculty which lends wings to the imagination and conviction to the understanding. It is a practically priceless possession. By applied science we can

shatter the hardest rocks; can divert rivers; can do numberless wondrous things. But no power on earth can pierce another man's mental opposition, except persuasion. And persuasion is reason plus enthusiasm—with the emphasis on enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the art of high persuasion."

As he was speaking, I recalled having read his dissertation on "Enthusiasm," and remembered, too, that he had lately blossomed out as a contributor to the popular magazines. I ventured to suggest my idea of a "Society for the Encouragement of Literary Genius in Executives."

He laughed and admitted there might be something in it. "Because," he said, "an executive in outlining a policy or issuing instructions, must express himself in language that admits of no misinterpretation. He must talk or write in such a way that his meaning is clearly and quickly understood. Why shouldn't he be fitted to write a plain statement of facts or conditions—and who knows them better than he?—for the perusal of even the most learned?"

And Mr. Armour's articles, by the way—for the benefit of the few who perhaps haven't seen them—are close-up business talks about those things which most concern most men—food and the cost of living. Every paragraph contains valuable information—just the facts that the people want to know. The "how" and "why" are given—such as why beef has advanced only twenty per cent and other commodities two and three hundred per cent. And what must be done to maintain a supply at prices within reach of the man of average income.

At a desk, covered with papers concerning the myriad of departments in the largest food purveying concern in the world, Mr. Armour did his work as a writer, in telling the story of his business to the people—and in a colloquial style, just as though he were chatting with them face to face.

"You know," he remarked, with particular emphasis on the "you,"—"there is more satisfaction in being able to tell a thing than there is in merely knowing it. Then too, I have felt that, in the last year, corporations are coming closer to the people than ever before. We're not going to hear so much from the trouble-makers. Why? Because the people are going to know exactly why and wherefore. And, given the right impulse, their intelligence will carry them along the right road. I think I may use the word 'impulse' as a sort of second cousin to 'enthusiasm,' may I not?"

Denting my new hat, reflectively, I nodded assent.

Among other things, Mr. Armour touched upon the ethics of buying and selling. He insisted that ethics might seem a rather

high-sounding word—but let it go at that.

"There's too great a difference," declared he, "in the treatment usually accorded the seller and that given the buyer." He paused to let his words "sink in."

And oh, they came back to me, those weary hours when I cooled my heels in the offices of men who were paid to buy space—I was waiting to sell it to them. Yes, there's too great a difference—too great by far. I thought at the time how differently those men would have acted had I come to engage their services to buy some space for me.

The buyer is winned and dined and pandered to—but, alas, the poor seller.

"A young inventor," he recounted, "called at the office of a large corporation with a contrivance for making a new kind of match. He was coolly treated, spurned by the subordinates in the outer office, and wearily dismissed by the official whose right came through inheritance rather than by deed or worth—a sort of relic of the divinity of kings. He went out discouraged and almost burst into tears. Nearly his last dollar had been spent in experiments."

"On the street he met a cheery, enthusiastic young man who asked him: 'What's the matter?' Upon being told, he said: 'That's all right; let's go and have lunch.' They sat down and talked the matter over. The stranger had a few hundred dollars, and made up his mind then and there to grubstake the inventor. They started a factory on a small scale in Michigan. The Diamond Match Company has since paid a million dollars a year in royalty for what was offered to them outright at five thousand dollars. You never can tell," he finished grimly.

As I looked about at the great skyscrapers which seemed to spring up in Chicago almost over night, it occurred to me that in the olden times people built temples for religious worship; they built shrines; they built pyramids; totem poles. All the lavish magnificence that in former years went into palaces, cathedrals and monuments, has been devoted, in this generation, to buildings dedicated to trade and commerce.

I said something of this to Mr. Armour.

"And why not?" he argued. "In these business castles, the people spend most of their daylight hours. So why shouldn't these centers of trade have much of beauty as well as utility?"

Amid the gloom of old London, his soul passed on. Like J. Pierpont Morgan and many other eminent Americans including John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," his eyes were closed upon earthly scenes in a strange land far away from his native hearth.



Reaching the Heights in Shakespeare

A new arrival of Shakespearean plays to be presented to the American people by Fritz Leiber, whose early successes have led to a triumph that heralds him as a worthy successor of Edwin Booth.

His work has already stimulated the love of Shakespeare in his modern and unique interpretation of the classic roles

THE Shakespeare Association of America has been formed to produce throughout the United States the plays of William Shakespeare at what are known as popular prices. Its purpose is to create an organization along the lines of the Benson and Stratford Players in Great Britain, an influence that has pressed its distinct mark on the history of the modern English stage.

As its star the Association has selected Mr. Fritz Leiber and has surrounded him with a cast of the best classic players available. Mr. Leiber, the winner of an interstate oratory contest in his high school days, was drafted and educated to be an Episcopal minister. He could not complete this education on account of the death of his father and the immediate hard times upon which the family fell. Thinking that an orator and a preacher were somewhat akin to an actor, about twenty-three years ago he walked into a theatrical agency in Chicago and announced that he would like to play Shakespeare. Even then he looked the part so the manager of the agency telegraphed to Ben Greet, who at that time had a touring organization in this country, and almost before he was aware of it, Leiber was appearing in the juveniles of Shakespeare in theatres, high school auditoriums, and even on lawns in the summer. After two years of this he played the same juvenile roles for two seasons with Julia Marlowe and following that engagement he became the leading man with Robert Mantell at the age of twenty-three. He held that position for eleven years and then became a Shakespearean star in his own right under the management of George Ford, the producer of the beautiful "Dearest Enemy" of 1926.

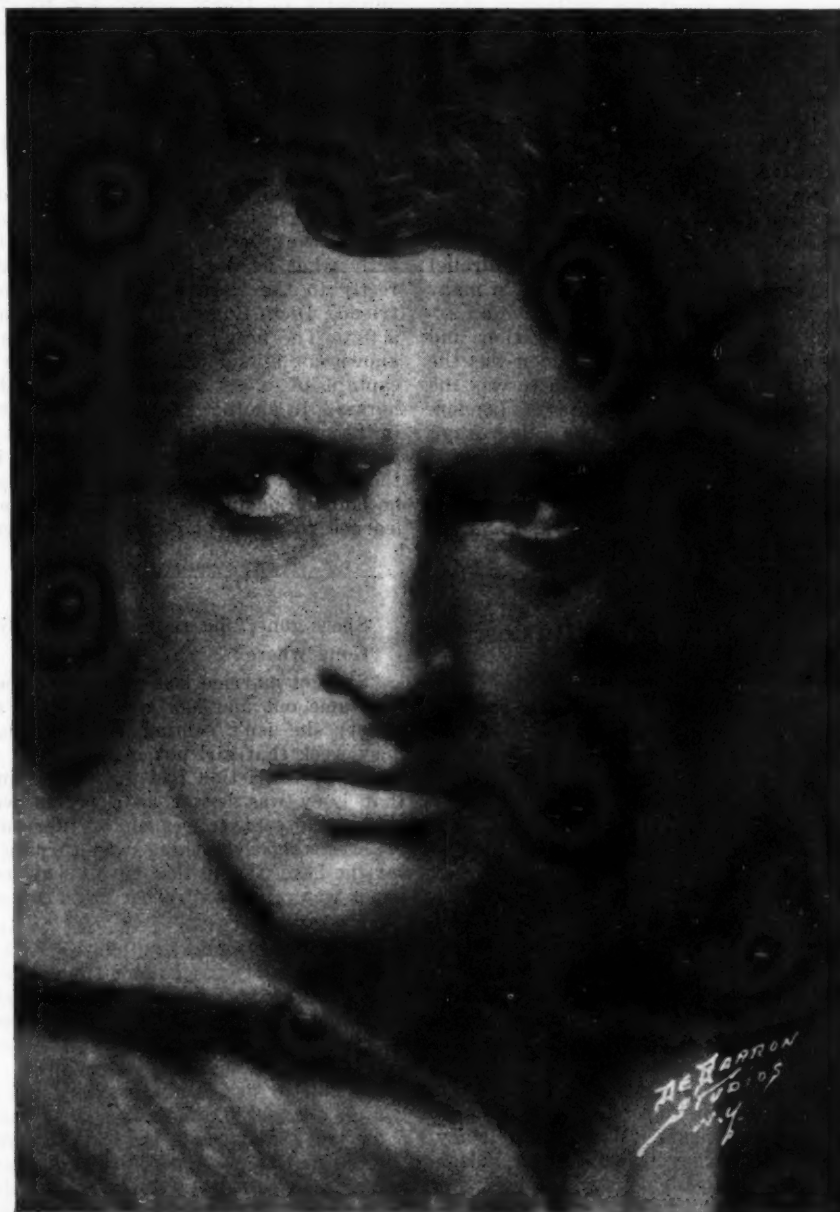
Mr. Leiber's ideas on Shakespearean production will have important weight on the policies of the Association. In an interview with a representative of this publication he expressed his methods and purposes.

"Shakespeare," he said, "was the supreme poet and dramatist. We all realize that. But those are not the primary qualities which influence me in my work. He is the actor, the manager, the producer, the showman. And what an effect his business affairs, his times, and olden-time London had upon this blessed child of genius! Follow with me for ten minutes his career, stressing the springs and winding river of his hard working life.

"In the year of 1569 a band of strolling players calling themselves the Queens and the Earl of Worcester Companys came to Stratford on Avon, a village about seventy-

five miles from London. John Shakespeare, the bailiff of the town and a member of the council, granted them a license. The bailiff probably took his five year old son to see the play—on a pass—and here is the real start of the greatest age of English literature. One James Burbage, a livery man of London, seems to have had something to do with these companies. He probably had

the contract for the hauling of their baggage. In any case, he had a son Richard, who was one of the actors. So far as the Stratford records show, this theatrical company of 1569 was the first that had visited the town, but after that players came almost every year and it seems certain that the two boys became friends. The boy is father to the man. Young William added



Fritz Leiber, the young American actor on whose shoulders the mantle of Edwin Booth falls, now recognized by eminent critics as a leading Shakespearean actor

to that of his friend Young Richard the acquaintance of all the leading actors and they had much to do in awakening a passion for the drama in the breast of the boy and in the shaping of his subsequent career.

"Fifteen years later the Shakespeare family had come upon hard times. John, the father, had lost his money, his business and his public positions. William, the son, was married and the father of twins by a lady about eight years his senior. There is evidence that he was in trouble with the authorities on account of poaching. It is written that 'he had fallen into ill company and had been whipped and sometimes imprisoned.' So at the end of one scrape he left the town of Stratford and made his way to London in search of the friend of his boyhood. He found him still in 'show-business.'

"In 1584 patriotism and prosperity in England were at flood tide. It was an age of follies and miracles when the imagination revels in its noblest manifestations. Extravagantly luxurious festivities, splendor of dress, addiction to gallantry, ardent conformity to fashion, and sacrifices to favor employed the wealth and leisure of the courtiers of Elizabeth. More enthusiastic temperaments went into the newly discovered lands in search of adventure, which, in addition to the hope of fortune, offered the livelier pleasures of perilous encounters. Under energetic Protestant auspices fresh impulse was being given to education. Human nature was beginning to feel relief from the oppression of the ages. In many other ways events conspired to give an extraordinary degree of concentration and brilliancy to national life. London was the center of this life and the theatre was the center of the intellectual life of London. There was absolutely no other living organ through which the miraculous and mingled expressions of a time incomparably rich in vital elements could find expression; there were no newspapers, few books and no pub-

lic meetings. These theatres had the wonderful advantage of being a new thing, a distinct novelty. They were less than five years old and were the first theatres established in England on a permanent basis. The strolling players, who formerly performed on lawns and in the court-yards of inns, were becoming business men and were partially relieved from the stigma of vagabonds. The crowds hurried from all sides into these theatres and the Puritan with his indignant tirades against these Poms of Belial and this sacrilegious employment of man, the image of God on earth, became the press-agent and advertised the attractions in exactly the proper manner.

"A wild, young genius, Marlowe by name, had effected a signal and far reaching reform in the art of writing drama by the introduction of modulated blank verse. The richness and variety of vocal effect produced by the skillful pauses and musical interlinkings gave to characters, scenes and plays a breadth of national interest and an intensity of tragic power for which the times craved.

"Into this quick forge and workinghouse of thought came William Shakespeare. He is said 'to have come very meanly into London'—he most probably walked the whole seventy-five miles. During the long, weary tramp he had the time to meditate on turning over a new leaf and making his way in the world. In all events that is exactly what he did. He made his way directly to the theatres and there was his friend, Dick Burbage, the great London actor. The first year he had what is now known as a 'sidewalk privilege'—he was captain of a set of boys who held the horses. In another year he had an interest in the scenery and costumes. The next year he was an actor; in five years he was in on the lease of the theatre, and in six years he had the business by the throat—he had learned to write plays, and here began a

remarkable series of theatrical productions.

"As we have seen, the tools were ready for him, the material was there waiting for spirit life, and circumstances provided for him the only other wanting element—that of necessity. There had to be plays of drawing power and the only way to get them was to write them.

"Much has been written about Shakespeare, this point has rarely been dwelt upon: that his plays were written to pull money through the box-office window. In his relation to the theatre and to the production of plays Shakespeare was a business man. He was born with poetic genius, but the fear of losing his share in the three theatres in which he was interested was the motive power that developed it. He had a showman's nose for the attraction in any piece of theatrical property, and his appeals to the patriotic impulses of the day occur with a frequency that remind one of the young George M. Cohan. He knew more about the value of change and novelty than David Belasco, his productions ranging from 'The Tempest,' which in symbolism and poetry drives 'The Blue Bird' back into the infant class, to 'Titus Andronicus,' about as blood-thirsty melodrama as Al Woods ever dreamed of. He even selected his themes to suit the personal appearance of his company, and with the very few notes we have on the personnel of his company we can cast the plays almost exactly as he did. See what a fine line of parts he wrote for his friend Burbage, a fat comedian.

"In the twenty years he was in harness he wrote, wholly or in part, thirty-seven plays that still stand as the greatest dramatic works in our language by the greatest poetic genius of all time, but we owe this inheritance to a salesman who sold the public what it wanted.

"We produce our Shakespeare to move people to tears or laughter, to make the plays play."

The Girl Reporter's Busiest Week

Continued from page 30

Jud LaMoure should stand treat, as they have the laugh on the rest of us."

Well, that's that, as the saying is. I looked at Joe, and Joe looked at me, and we laughed, and there was not much else to the meeting but laughter. On the way home we had a conversation something like this:

"I believe I'll fire that girl," I said to Joe. "She's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed Joe. "There's danger she'll put some life into your newspaper and wake up your town. You can't afford to fire Lucy."

But I continued to think along that line, and I was at least going to have a serious talk with Lucy, to show her the terrible consequences that were following her propensity to exaggerate. When I got to my office I told the boy to send Miss Judson to me.

"She isn't here," he said.

"Where is she?"

"She's gone," he replied, laconically.

"Gone where?"

"She got married last week after the paper came out and has gone to the Pacific Coast; she isn't coming back." What a busy week that girl put in!

As the conviction had grown within me that Lucy was better as a fiction writer than in any other branch of literature I believed that everything was turning out for the best. From that time on my newspaper was conducted rather more conservatively.

There were reminders of the Girl Reporter, however, for a long time to come. A lad called at my printing office about noon one day and told me that a gentleman at the livery barn, nearby, wished to have some advertisements printed. He wanted me to inspect his live stock and then get up a handbill. This was a customary thing and I hastened to the barn to arrange for the printing. A respectable appearing young man met me and said he and his partner had about thirty head of horses and cattle to sell at auction. They needed

some printing to advertise the sale. He pointed to a bunch of horses in the yard, saying the cattle would be in next day. His partner was in the office of the livery, eating his lunch. Would I step in there? I followed him into the little office, where I saw a coarse looking man crouched down in a chair eating from a package of lunch. Without the formality of an introduction the two began to talk about the cost of the printing they needed. They said the proprietor of the barn had just gone to dinner, and as they were in a hurry, they wanted me to get out some bills just as soon as I could. I wrote the copy that seemed to be necessary, putting in date, place, amount of stock and other particulars.

"What signature will you have on this bill?" I asked.

"Peter McGann!" came the astonishing reply, and as I looked up the big fellow had a brace of pistols aimed at me.

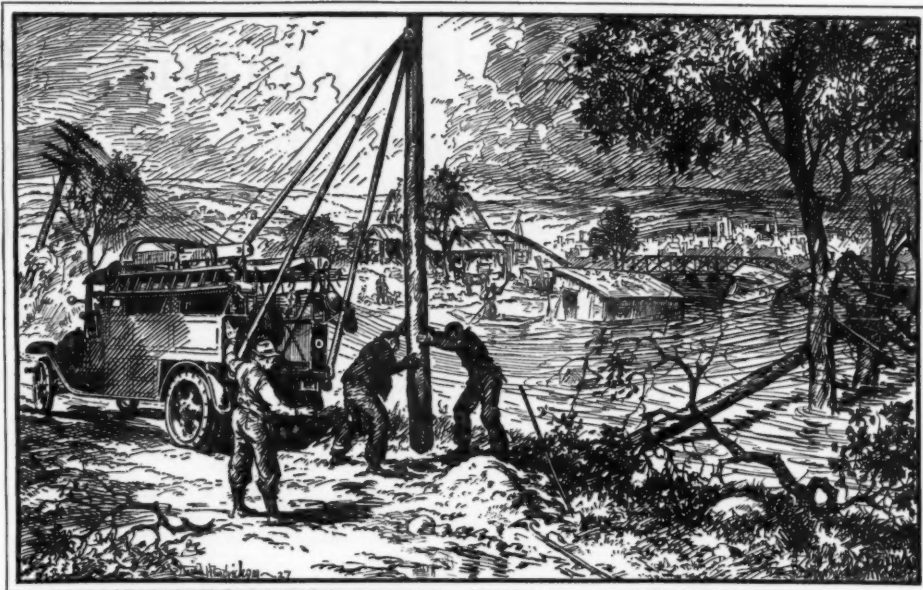
I thought of a thousand things in the next few seconds, including the Girl Reporter, but as calmly as I could I wrote the two words. Before actually finishing with

my pencil, and without appearing to notice the pistols, I exclaimed:

"You fellows have a great opportunity here to clean up some money by bringing in a carload or more of horses and milk cows every week, and holding regular auction sales." I talked so fast that they had all they could do to follow me, and for the moment McGann forgot to shoot. I had the slimmest chance in the world to jump for the door and escape, and I needed a few seconds in which to neutralize the very positive aspect of those two guns, if you catch my meaning. Those pistols looked like army rifles and were growing larger each moment. McGann seemed to have a terribly steady hold on them and a mighty true aim. But I rattled on, stalling for time, and I succeeded in holding the desperado's attention. My feet were actually feeling the floor under them as I subconsciously realized the need of a clean, strong jump to get out of pistol range. I added something like this to what I had said, and my eyes by this time had taken a strong hold on Big Peter's countenance:

"Don't you see what a chance there is right now to make money? The whole neighborhood is short of live stock. Town people as well as farmers want cows and horses. Prices are high and everything that you could ship in would sell. If you are short of capital I will take you right over to a man who will be glad to let you have a couple of thousand dollars to operate with. He won't ask you for security, but is so anxious to have live stock brought to this county that he will finance you. He will give you whatever money you need and you can go right down into Minnesota and get all the cattle and horses you want at less than half what we are paying for them here." I was almost ready to jump, and there seemed to be a sort of slackening in the way those pistols were held, as if that assertion that I could get a couple of thousand dollars for him without security was interesting Big Peter, when the door burst open with a tremendous crash and Stoddard and a deputy flashed in. I was saved, and although I was on the verge of collapse from the strain, I had to laugh as I reflected that in an emergency I, who loved the truth so well had been able to lie faster and stronger than ever the Girl Reporter could.

Big Peter never came to trial, as he broke jail in the night and disappeared. He was not seen again on the Dakota frontier.



All for One

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



A SLEET storm descends, carrying down trees and wires. A wind turns outlaw and blows down a pole line. Or some swollen river rampages through a circuit of destruction.

But wherever angry nature attacks the Bell Telephone System there are repairmen trained to meet the emergency, and everywhere trained in the same schools to the use of the same efficient tools. Supplies of surplus equipment and materials are kept at strategic points whence they may be rushed by train or truck to the devastated area.

Throughout the Bell System, all

construction and practice are standard, so that men and supplies, when necessary, may be sent from one state or company to another.

There are twenty-five Bell Companies, but only one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

New Jersey's "Big Little Man"

Continued from page 20

Larson home in Perth Amboy is one of the city's finest residences.

So as the time approaches for selecting another governor in New Jersey, everybody says to watch Larson. He has a way of coming through. In spite of the noise and hub-bub of politics, he generally keeps clear of the turmoil and when the fight is over is usually found on top, with those in the midst of the fray wondering how the "Big Little Man" came through the skirmish unscathed. Beginning in state politics about six years ago, he is now a Republican state

leader and with the cards laying as they are has a good chance to become the next governor.

The prestige that Senator Larson has gained at Trenton as majority leader and President of the Senate, plus his popularity with the voters because of his progressive stand on matters affecting the public interests, make him one of the most influential persons in New Jersey today, while attracting attention in neighboring states because of the way he is meeting problems more or less general and more or less troublesome everywhere. Although, of course, he is not lacking in political shrewdness, his recent success is due chiefly to a few simple prin-

ciples. First, he has what is commonly called lots of "horse sense"; second, he is direct and to the point in his dealings; third, he is a keen and thorough student of governmental and engineering problems; and fourth, he emerges on the scene at a time when just such a man as that is needed—an engineer who is also a statesman, because engineering problems constitute the bulk of the State's business today. In other words, he seems to be one of those men of the hour which always appear on the scene in this great democracy of ours when changed conditions call for a new type of leadership, the type of engineer-statesman, for instance, needed now.

Is the World Becoming Air-Minded

Aerial comments by an aviator, Stephen D. Day, a member of the quiet bird-men, who speaks the language of airmen and calls attention to the fact that in Europe air-lines are subsidized—The old observers' song of the World War

AS this is written, it looks as though "Wild Bill" Erwin had finally "checked in" with his boots on.

Down in the Pacific, 610 miles west of San Francisco, with a heavily loaded plane, his chances of making through are very slim.

It was like him to shove off in the face of what had just gone before. His was a bold and undaunted spirit.

Bill had five enemy planes to his credit and was, I think, the only American ace who flew observation planes.

Let it be explained that observation pilots rarely roll up a score against the enemy.

Their mission is to go on visual and photographic reconnaissance, to regulate artillery fire, and to report position of friendly troops during an advance.

Bill conceived his duty otherwise. Like Frank Luke, he really enjoyed going after the Hun and would cheerfully attack one or more enemy combat ships on sight.

His observers did not last very long and their lives were never monotonous.

The seating arrangement of the D. H. 4, which was the type of plane Wild Bill flew on the front, placed the pilot in front between the gas tank and the engine. The observer was well back, in a small cock pit in the fuselage. During a scrap, shots directed at Bill would rake the luckless observer. Wild Bill used three and there were always plenty more to fill their shoes.

Had the War continued, Wild Bill would have commanded a squadron of Bristol two-seaters—to be used for ground strafing and aggressive work wherever needed.

An Air Force of Wild Bill Erwin's would have had mastery of the air or would have died fighting.

As the old toast goes—"Hurrah for the last man."

While we are on the subject of the War, perhaps it would be interesting to print once more the figures of what the American Air Service did in battle.

The official record of American planes on the front shows that for every plane lost, we got a little better than two Huns.

Seven hundred and fifty-five American victories were confirmed, in comparison with losses of three hundred and fifty-seven, a superiority ration of 2.1 to 1.

The pursuit units of the First Army, which represented most of our "Hun getting" effort, improved on the general average, showing 439 confirmed victories against 134, or better than three Huns for every American lost.

To get these results, our squadrons put in 35,000 hours over the lines, during which time they also dropped some 255,000 pounds

of explosives, and made 18,000 photographs of enemy positions.

The world is very rapidly becoming air minded. Automobiles are taken for granted. Railroads are part of the world's consciousness. Steamships seem to have always been. Now the world has a new mechanical toy—the airplane.

Boys ten years old talk of lift, span, ceiling, ground speed, pay load and all the rest of the language of flying. Dad isn't far



Captain Stephen Delavan Day

behind. You will usually find him heading the old car toward the nearest flying field with the whole family along. Then watch them sunburn their tonsils at every new stunt performed over their heads.

For real sport, give me a glider! Isn't it wonderful that a man can sustain his own weight in the air for many hours simply by warping his wings in the same manner that a bird soars!

Lie on your back by the old haystack and watch a hawk or buzzard as he floats above you. He never moves a wing but he can rise steadily by taking advantage of rising currents of air.

We want glider clubs in America. A glider can be built at small cost and the sport really teaches one to fly.

Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Maitland, Hegenberger, Smith, Bronte, Byrd, Zoville, de Costa and Balchen! What a roll of honor! They have put America back on the world map with a vengeance. Not since the days of the famous Yankee clipper ships has any-

thing happened to compare with their achievements.

At the time Europe was pointing at us with scorn and crying "Dollar chaser," Lindy skipped the sea in one glorious far flung effort and landed in Paris with his smile and his three letters.

And he only spent \$15,000 to put the whole thing through! No sweetening of expense account. No mid-night suppers, expensive wardrobe and big hotel bills for Colonel Lindbergh.

He landed in Paris "as is", borrowed a suit from Ambassador Herrick's son, and received all his prominent callers in "high waters." As a nation we are prone to have an inferiority complex when comparing ourselves with others.

Talk with a man about flying and he will say, "Yes, I suppose we are pretty good but you ought to see the way they handle air transportation abroad."

I wonder if that man knows that England and Europe subsidize their air lines. They are fed with a silver spoon. Our own commercial aviation has had to paddle its own canoe from the start and is now able to fight its own battles.

The wisdom of this course is proving itself every day.

Our air mail has proved that steady day and night long distance flying is both safe, practical and reliable.

How many of you remember the Observer's Song which was so popular with the boys during the War? I don't remember seeing it in print except in the Second Army Air Service book which had two verses. Here's the way it goes:

Beside a Belgian water tank
On a cold and wintry day,
Beneath his busted biplane
A young observer lay.
His pilot hung on a telegraph
He was not entirely dead,
And he listened to the last words
The young observer said.

I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where the handouts grow on bushes,
And you stay out every night.
Where you never have to work at all
Or even change your socks,
And the little drops of cognac
Come trickling from the rocks.

The pilot said in his last few words
Before he passed away,
I'll tell you how it happened,
The flipper gave away,

Continued on page 46

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Travel and Resort Section

Impression of a World Tour

By JAKE JELAL

We sailed from Auckland Tuesday night and arrived at Wellington Thursday morning December 24th. We were delayed here a few hours before taking our usual ride as the drivers went on a strike, thinking that it was a good chance for them to get more money, and they were right. However, we took our sight-seeing trip around the city, also to the shore of Beautiful Bay. This road was not altogether completed, but when it is, I can imagine it will be one of the finest drives on the trip. This road took us up to the top of the mountain ridge where we could get a good view of the city and harbor.

The city has a beautiful harbor, Botanical Garden, Government Houses, Parliament buildings, and clean wide streets with first class residential sections. After staying for awhile on the mountain ridge, we came down to the city and had lunch in a down-town hotel. The afternoon was left at our own disposal as usual, for sight-seeing and shopping. This was the day before Christmas, and here also the streets were crowded with shoppers. Our stay here was short; only one day, but as far as I could see the people here, as well as in Auckland, were happy and prosperous, and there was apparently no hypocrisy of any sort.

We sailed from Wellington to Sydney about 8 p. m., amid great cheering from the crowd of people on the pier who had come to see us off. The people on the pier threw streamers of different colors to us and we on the boat tried to catch them. It was a beautiful sight. In the meantime with the orchestra playing on the deck, the steamer is sailing away and the streamers float in all directions.

We were celebrating Christmas about twenty hours earlier than the people at home. Christmas in hot weather seemed to me quite unusual, as it was my first experience. Two big Christmas trees were put up aboard ship; one in the dining-room and the other in the main lounge, where the lectures, concerts and Divine Services were held. We had quite an exciting time the night before Christmas. Word was passed around that Santa Calus would come about ten o'clock, and there would also be

carol singers to entertain us the following morning. Santa Claus did come, with quite a load on his back. Those who were lucky were remembered with presents, and I was one of the fortunate ones. Early Christmas morning we were awakened by the carol singers (who knows but some of us were celebrating all night and did not go to bed, so were not awakened by the singers).

They sang quite well, and went from deck to deck. Many people among our cruise members exchanged cards and gifts on Christmas Day. I received about two hundred cards, letters, and telegrams from home. It was quite a wonderful feeling to me, to think that though many thousand miles from home, I had not been forgotten. It certainly was gratifying.

One thing I almost forgot; it had been heralded that all the cruise members were millionaires, and whether this was true or not I do not know, but the Captain or the Cruise Director received a telegram from the Sydney Hospital several days before Christmas asking for a gift of \$1,000. Through a committee, this money was raised and sent to them, although, to be fair, I must admit that some of the cruise members did not like the idea.

We arrived at Sydney, Monday morning, December 28th. Sydney, founded in 1788, is the Capital of New South Wales and the eighth largest city in the British Empire, with a population of 1,000,000. Here you will find every attraction known to civilization. Its harbor with a good many bays and inlets is one of the most beautiful in the world, and here we saw the best looking ferry boats seen during our travels. Meadows and trees of all kinds are on all sides. In our drive we passed through



(1) Port Melbourne, waiting for cruise members



(2) A laughing jackass, Australia



(3) Treasury building, Melbourne

clean, wide streets, and saw many beautiful public and business buildings. In a nutshell, consider yourself in an American city; everything up-to-date, and quite progressive. On our drive we stopped at one of the beaches for a while. There was a shark tower where a guard sat to warn the bathers, by ringing a bell as soon as a shark is in sight. I understand that several people are lost each year from sharks and yet the beach is filled with bathers. I admire their courage, but would not take the

is a country a little larger than our own, and is populated mostly in the prominent cities. Hardly any people live in the interior, and according to my understanding water is very scarce inland.

We sailed away from the cheering crowds to Hobart, Tasmania, Tuesday noon, December 29th. Here, also, the docks and piers were filled with people to see us off.

On the "A" deck, the meeting place was outside of my cabin and that of my friend, Mr. Francis. He was well liked by every-

as well as educational, and I must admit I learned a great deal from them. Many times the ladies also took part.

There was a retired business man, a friend of mine, in the group, who had taken a trip around the world before. He was very well educated and read all the time, with a cigar in his mouth. He certainly enjoyed his cigar and playing bridge. He took things quite easy and never hurried. He was extremely anti-British and he did not conceal anything. He was sincere, and everybody on the steamer knew he was Anti-British. He had a theory of his own, that each Nation must govern itself, and because one-fifth of the world is governed by the British he was against them. He and I had some hot arguments on this subject. It may be true that each nation must govern itself if it has brains, men and money, but when they have not the means and facilities to make their country progressive, I would rather see the countries governed by the United States or Great Britain than left to their own fate. Look at the Balkan States; there, hate and poverty have been existing for centuries and will continue for Heavens knows how long. Look at Turkey and Greece. Those countries are independent only for a few politicians. I would rather see these countries under the British or United States, because wherever they are they make the country worth living in. I bring up this subject because this Anti-British friend of mine, while in Australia, met an intelligent Australian and asked him, "When do you people expect to be free from the British?"

The Australian answered him, "Sir, I am an Australian of British stock and we will never be separated from our mother country. We have a country as large as your own, in fact a little larger, and our population is only about six million, and if some other nation invaded our land we would not be able to protect ourselves, but when we are with our mother country no nation dare touch us." When my friend heard this, he did not ask any more questions. He told us this happening the night we sailed from Sydney to Hobart, Tasmania. The first thing I asked him was, "Do you think the Australian was right?"

He said, "Well, it is worth considering. I suppose to them it is life or death." You often hear it said that the British will get out of Egypt or India. In the first place, as far as I can see, they will never get out. In the second place, most intelligent people will never want the British to give up these countries. Some of them knew what they were like before and what they are like today. There is a mass of fellows, so-called tools of the politicians, who want the British to quit these countries. Let the British quit India, Ceylon and Egypt, and then you will see what will become of civilization in these countries. As it is now you are safe, no one will touch you in these countries, either day or night. They have a means of being prosperous if they only work. The English are wonderful colonizers. Give credit where credit is due.

[Another installment of this article will appear in the October issue of NATIONAL MAGAZINE]

(1) Send off from Freemantle docks

(2) Perth Parliament house

(3) Freemantle light house

(4) Main Street, Perth



chance for anything. After we stayed about fifteen minutes we drove to the Wentworth Hotel for lunch. After lunch some of us went for a sail around the harbor, and others took a sight-seeing trip. The Zoological Garden of Sydney is quite interesting and well worth seeing, in its natural location, being surrounded with flowers of all kinds. The so-called North Shore Bridge which is under construction will be one of the finest examples of structural engineering in the world, costing nearly \$27,000,000.

Like in New Zealand, the Australian immigration is limited to white people only. The question is, "How will they be able to fill that immense country with only white people?" Australia has, altogether, a population of between five and six million. It

body as he is a reliable, clean-cut American. They all wanted to be around this gathering place. I can truthfully say it was the coolest spot on board. In hot weather it was greatly appreciated. One thing that we must remember is, that 85% of the time during the cruise, we were passing through hot climates. To have a cool place at this time was God's Blessing. Not only that, but this place was handy to everything else, to view the sunsets and many other sights that are interesting on the water. I call this a meeting place because almost everybody would gather there sometime after breakfast, before lunch, and after supper and would discuss and argue on the topics of the day or whatever they might think of. Some of these talks were quite interesting

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

Caribbean Cruises

WHEN you plan to cruise southward this winter, think of the romance and history that clusters round every port of call in the Golden Caribbean.

... and your memories of the past are made more enjoyable by the luxurious comforts of the present. For Great White Fleet ships are built especially for tropical cruising. Every room is an outside room open to views of sea and sky; food served is equal in variety and quality to that served in any first-class hotel.

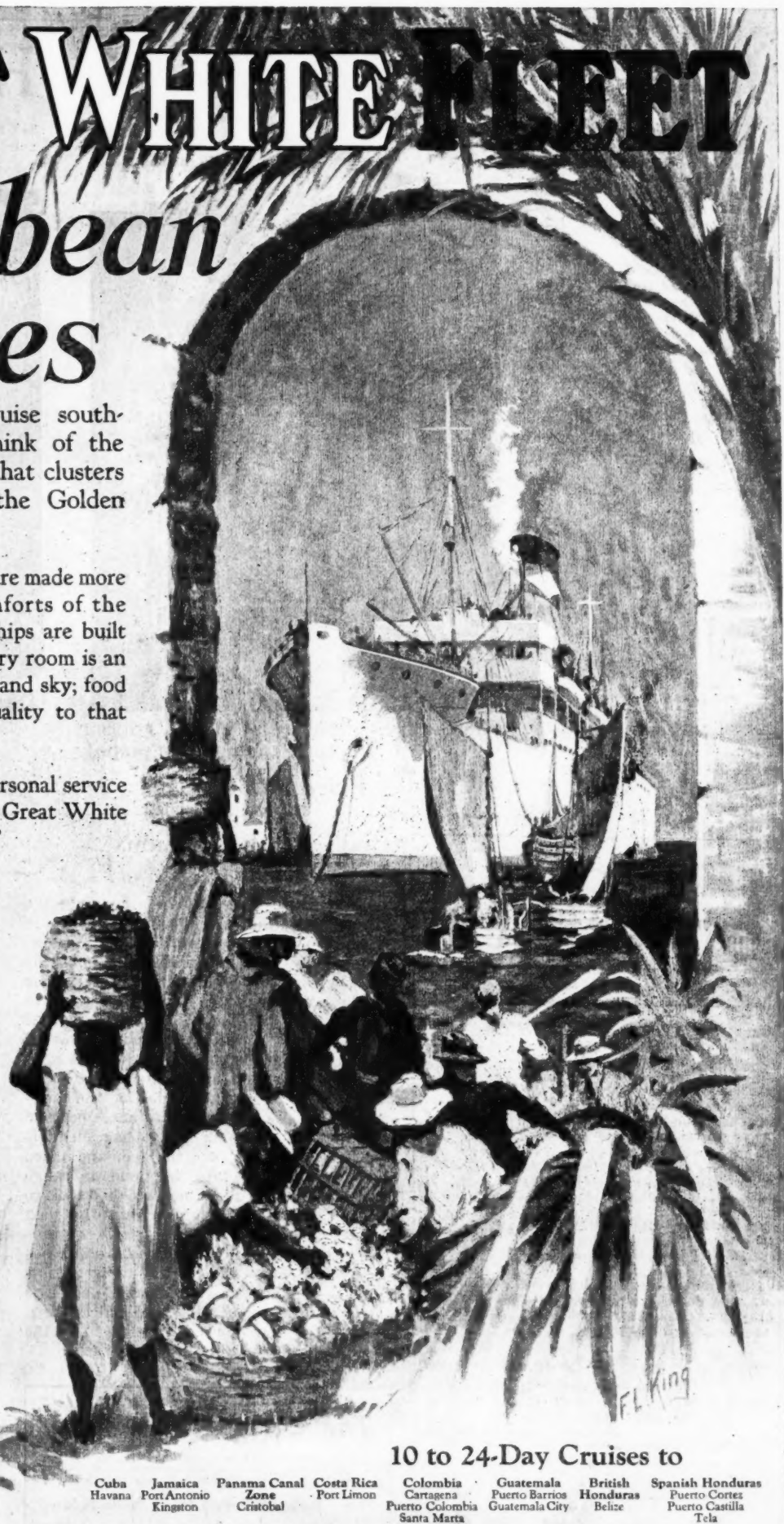
... and there is a fine degree of personal service that makes good the slogan of the Great White Fleet—"Every Passenger a Guest."

*Sailings from New York and
New Orleans twice every
week in the year*

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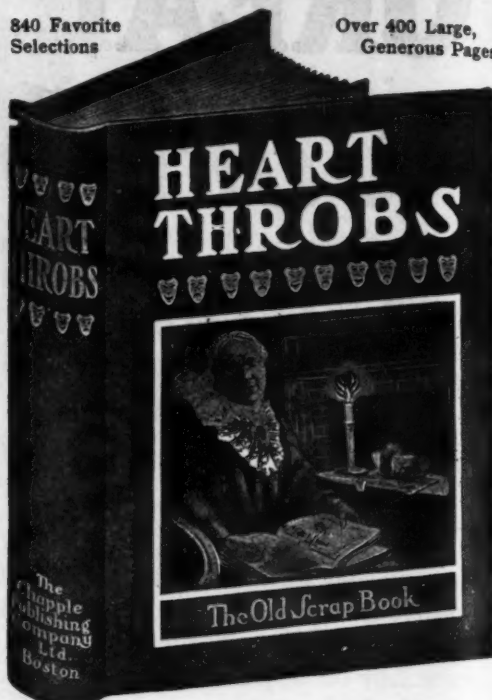


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Articles of Timely Interest

Affairs at Washington	1
By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE	
Through Pacific Sky-Lanes to Hawaii	7
Coolidge Made a Sioux Indian Chief	9
Barcelona, the Busy Metropolis of Spain	11
New Science of Managing Seasonal Hotels	14
The American Rolling Mill Company	15
Confessions of an Optimist	17
New Jersey's "Big Little Man"	19
Telephotography a Business Necessity	21
A Pageant Presenting the Romance of the Iron Horse	25
The Girl Reporter's Busiest Week	28
Among the Makers of Choice Lace	29
Building up a Peoples National Bank	31
Affairs and Folks	33
Stirring and Eventful Career of J. Ogden Armour	37
Reaching the Heights in Shakespeare	39
Is the World Becoming Air-Minded?	42
Impressions of a World Tour	43

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Coolidge Made a Sioux Indian Chief

Continued from page 10

what their fortune may be. I cannot too often repeat that the essential feature in the present management of the Yellowstone Park, as in all similar places, is its *essential democracy*—it is the preservation of the scenery, of the forests, of the wilderness life and the wilderness game for the people as a whole, instead of leaving the enjoyment thereof confined to the very rich who can control private reserves. I have been literally astounded at the enormous numbers of elk, deer, antelope, and mountain sheep which I have seen on their wintering grounds; and the deer and sheep in particular are quite as tame as range stock. This is a territory which I took to see develop astoundingly within the next decade or two."

The prophecy of Theodore Roosevelt has been more than fulfilled, for every gate is a pearl in Nature's Wonderland, and it is the one place where Mother Earth is celebrating her day of peace and rest after the tortuous upheavals in the ages past.

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Is the World Becoming Air-Minded

Continued from page 42

The engine would not work at all
The aelerons broke too,
And a great big hole in the gas tank
Let all the gas run through.

So I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where the handouts grow on bushes
And you stay out every night,
Where you never have to work at all
Or any other thing,
There'll be beau coup wild women—
Oh Death where is thy Sting!

Whoever wrote this ditty will always remain a mystery, but it was the popular favorite in the Air Service and cheered the troops up on many a barracks room get-together.

* * *
LINDBERGH.

Thought, translated to action
Like a thunderbolt from the blue
Hurls young Lindbergh, Jehovah-like
To his predestined goal.

Not any storm, nor fog nor
Sleet bars this young
Conqueror from the full
Attainment of his matchless purpose.

So does Man, in very defiance
Of the shackles which bind
Him to earth, rise insurgent
To victory's immortal heights.

Why "Hank" is now always on the job

HENRY didn't show up at work one morning. That was unusual for Henry had been so regular that the foreman had put "Hank" down as the one man he could count on.

Being so dependable, "Hank" had been given dependable work to do. His was an important job. Nobody else could do it just as it ought to be done.

The foreman made inquiry, but nobody knew why this man wasn't at his post.

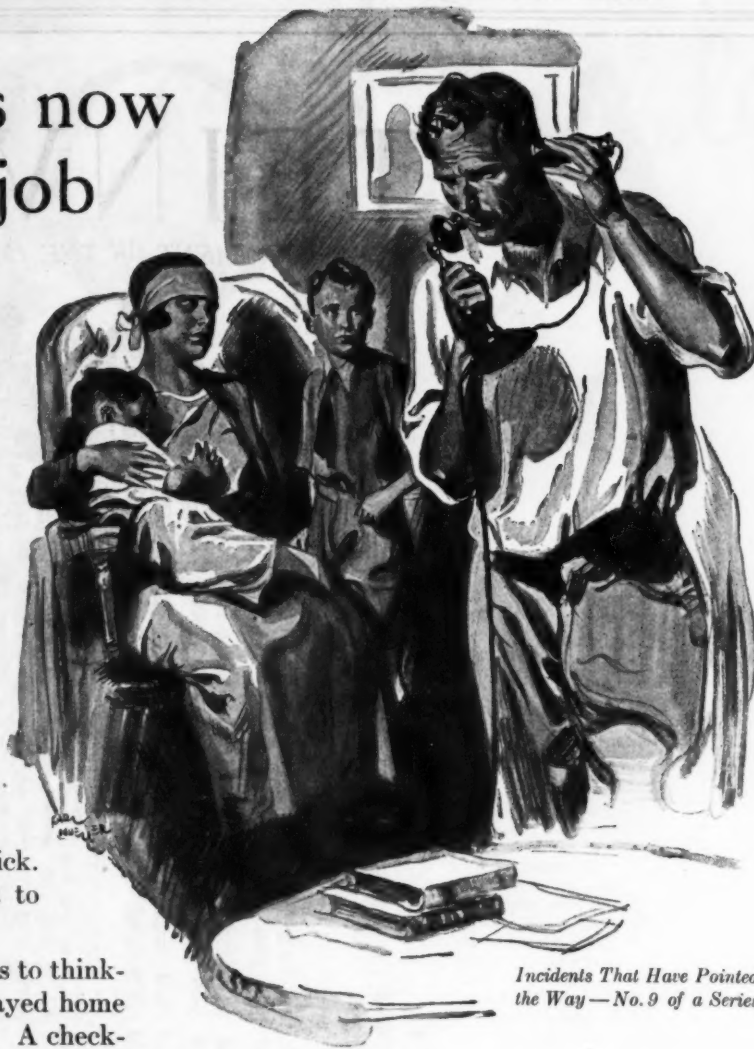
Presently, the telephone in a little office jingled. The clerk answered. It was "Hank." "Tell the boss," he said, "I'm in a mess. Wife and kids sick. Nobody to look after them. I've got to stay home."

That simple message started the boss to thinking. He wondered how often men stayed home to take care of a sick wife or children. A check-up proved that family sickness, next to personal sickness, kept the worker at home oftener than any other reason.

Years ago the officials of The American Rolling Mill Company discussed this matter from every angle. They reasoned that it meant loss to the company when a man was off the job. Furthermore, it meant a loss to the man himself. And if there is ever a time a man can't afford to lose his wages, it is when there is sickness in the home. Finally, few men can cook, and wash, and take care of sick folks—that's a woman's job.

The outcome was the organization of a Personal Service Department, whose duty it is to maintain contact with workers' homes, and to render such service as is necessary in order that the wage earner may go to work confident that his sick ones are being well cared for.

Today, visiting nurses make the rounds, and many a Henry Jones goes to his work relieved in mind so that he can put into his work his best effort to the end that the product he helps to



Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 9 of a Series

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